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LEWIS CARROLL'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

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The life of Lewis Carroll is the story of a Wonderland which he created for Alice and shared with her, the Dormouse, the Mad Hatter and the March Hare. Yet Wonderland was also a real world; a land of wonder may be a world in which the imagined is real and the real sometimes imagined, while people assume a dual role. The imaginative story is not only a product of creative genius, for creation but also serves a purpose for the author who is his own first audience, and the phantasy of Lewis Carroll is only intelligible after study of his life plus a consideration of what he was trying to achieve when he wrote the nonsense stories intended for children but now so jealously cherished by adults.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" have become world property and the story has been published in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Spain, and Holland. It was printed in Arabic and Chinese, although the book was banned in Hunan province because the Chinese felt that the human personality was degraded when animals were given the power of speech. The story was immediately popular in America and Great Britain and an American collector paid \$150,000 for the original manuscript while over 400,000 people visited a display of Carroll manuscripts when they were exhibited in Philadelphia.

The world appeal of the phantasy of Lewis Carroll suggests that the story has values beyond entertainment for children or mere story telling for the themes of Alice's adventures have been used in the adult world of motion picture, ballet, and the ice show. The characters have appeared in advertising and our speech reflects adopted phrases. Stuart Chase used quotations from the book as chapter headings in a book about the never-never land of economics.

Apparently the fabric of the story contains the thread of old themes which are universally appealing and which can be understood clearly only after we have applied modern psychological understanding to the life of the author and attempted to understand the phantasies which produced the story. We are indebted to Sigmund Freud for our knowledge of the psychological value of wit or humor, of phantasy or fairy tale, and these devices are all familiar in the stories of Lewis Carroll.

In the analysis of wit and humor, Freud found that certain psychological processes which were common in dreams or other unconscious mental activity, were also common to humor and wit. Symbols were condensed into one word or object as in the port-manteau words of Lewis Carroll or even in his characters, for Alice was able to telescope her appearance from large to small and back again through the use of magic food and there is a combination of adult and childish attitudes in her behavior. Many forbidden impulses are permitted in nonsense which are prohibited the adult and there is a varied indulgence of childhood wishes in the stories of Lewis Carroll. Freud felt that the playful use of nonsense words, puns, or jokes of speech permitted an enjoyment of euphoric glee not unlike the unsuppressed autointoxication of a child who is drunk with laughter because of his own humorous thoughts. Freud was of the opinion that wit represented an accomplishment of wishes on a more realistic level than dreams, which he found to be of a different sphere of mental life, so that humor and wit are considered to be the result of a higher plane of consciousness with a greater realization of impulses than are found in the passive enjoyment of dreams. If these formulations are accurate, we should be able to find evidences of the use which Lewis Carroll made of his nonsense writing and to assess some of the wishes he hoped to realize by writing.

Dr. Paul Schilder has called attention to the sadism and anxiety which he felt the stories of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" con-

tained but he felt that the facts of Lewis Carroll's life were incomplete and not of great value in attempting to understand the author and his stories. However, this is not an entirely satisfactory answer or analysis and even incomplete facts should gain new weight when compared with the stories and may give some additional understanding of the creator of these modern fairy tales. Little is known about the authors of primitive myths or fairy tales but we have an opportunity here to compare the life of the author with the phantasy which he produced in his stories. There is a certain historical parrallel between the production of the primitive myth and the stories of Lewis Carroll for he told them verbally first and only wrote them later, just as the earliest stories were probably first spoken and written later. Often the written version is censored and changed when it is time for the author to perpetuate himself on paper and Lewis Carroll consciously deleted one chapter of the story of Alice and suppressed references to the dream-like quality of the world in which Alice moved.

Lewis Carroll was born Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, on January 27, 1832, the first child of a cleric in the Church of England. His father has been described by a relative as a scholarly but stern man with a grave disposition. He married his cousin when he was thirty years of age and the family lived in a small parish in Yorkshire, two miles from a village of one hundred people. The father was pious, reserved, a story teller and a man of humor.

Lewis Carroll's mother was a quiet, reserved woman whom everyone is said to have loved, if we can believe her son. There were eleven children, eight of whom were girls, although none of the biographers has given a great deal of information about the relationships of the brothers and sisters. The three other sons were all ordained as clergymen in the Anglican Church and Lewis Carroll might as well have been for he studied for the church although he never accepted final ordination.

We expect that ten younger children must have con-

stituted a constant threat to the priority of the oldest son and while he must have enjoyed a special position in an English family, because he was the first born and a son, he must also have felt an early displacement because of the orderly production of other children who demanded the time and attention of the mother.

Lewis Carroll was a serious, quiet, withdrawn child who invented games, plays, stories, and magic to amuse himself and his brothers and sisters. He used the same devices as an adult in his private life and in his writing. He usually provided the other children with precise rules for the games and this early sense of exactness is reflected in his later behavior. He developed a hobby of puppets, built a toy theatre, became interested in photography, and loved to play with snails, caterpillars, or other small animals which he endowed with the ability to speak and think. This animistic attitude toward animals, dolls, or other objects, is seen in the play of all children but is particularly significant in the life of Lewis Carroll since it is a form of imagination which persisted through all of his adult life and which was not abandoned with the close of childhood. It is also important that this withdrawn, imaginative play is embraced when the child feels himself apart from the living world of parents and brothers and sisters. It is usually the lonely child who populates the world with imaginary creatures to defeat his loneliness and isolation.

After attending school in his home neighborhood until twelve, Lewis Carroll was sent to Rugby when he was fourteen but he did not enjoy either school and hated to live with other boys. The following letter was written to his sisters when he was in residence at Richmond School near his home:

"I hope you are all getting on well, as also the sweet twins. The boys I think that I like the best, are Harry Austin and all the Tates of which there are 7 besides a little girl who came down to dinner the first day, but not since. . . The boys have played

two tricks upon me which were these — they first proposed to play at 'King of the Cobblers' and asked if I would be king, to which I agreed. They then made me sit down and sat (on the ground) in a circle round me, and told me to say 'Go to work' which I said, and they immediately began kicking and knocking me on all sides. The next game they proposed was 'Peter, the red lion,' and they made a mark on a tombstone (for we were playing in the churchyard) and one of the boys walked with his eyes shut, holding out his finger, trying to touch the mark; then a little boy came forward to lead the rest and led a good many very near the mark; at last it was my turn; they told me to shut my eyes well, and the next moment I had my finger in the mouth of one of the boys, who had stood (I believe) near the tombstone with his mouth open. For 2 nights I slept alone, and for the rest of the time with Ned Squire. The boys play me no tricks now. The only fault (tell Mama) that there has been was coming in one day to dinner just after grace . . ."

Hazing the new boy was accepted practice when Lewis Carroll entered Rugby, the food was poor, and the educational pattern was that of Tom Brown. In later life Lewis Carroll felt indignant about the tyranny among school boys and the persistence of this feeling seems to be the adult echo of his earlier unhappiness and fears.

While at school, Lewis Carroll wrote a number of small newspapers, one of which was called "The Rectory Umbrella" and another "Mischmash." These papers were written and illustrated by hand and many of the symbols of the later stories were first expressed here. One issue contained a whimsical article on the potentiality of photography for changing a personality from negative to positive, which gives some clue to Lewis Carroll's lifelong interest in photography.

Lewis Carroll stammered, a trait common to all of the children in the family, and yet in his stories there is a

preoccupation with long, complicated words, many of which the author invented with rules for pronunciation. He did not always stammer when he became an adult and never while he was playing with children although the speech defect became activated if another adult interrupted the play with children. While he often laughed about his stammer he felt concerned enough to try to correct his speech by reading long passages from Shakespeare aloud. A recent biographer states that he was originally left-handed and the correlation between the change from left-handedness is commonly related to speech disorders. This is also one of the early evidences of reversal of behavior which is consistently seen in the life of Lewis Carroll.

He entered Christ College, Oxford, when eighteen and the following year became a resident, where he remained for forty-seven years with only brief absence during holiday. He was outstanding in his studies and his instructors in mathematics and theology wrote to his father to tell him that his son was a genius. He studied thirteen hours a day and worked all night before his oral examinations, coming up third on the list. He won a scholarship during the first year and graduated in 1854 when twenty-two.

Lewis Carroll seemed to enjoy Oxford more than his experiences at boarding school. He was freer in his friendships, wrote a great deal of humorous verse, attended the theatre, and was less serious. He had planned to become ordained in the church but did not complete his orders because he felt a conflict between his secular and spiritual interests. His speech may have been a factor in his rejection of the church, since he could not preach easily, but there was also an inability to indulge himself in the theatre or social life and at the same time feel comfortable in the church. He was notably interested in the children's theatre and most of his friends were young, girl actors. He cared less for the adult theatre and has recorded enjoyment of only one production, "Henry the VIII", which he felt was "dreamlike".

He wrote "The Jabberwocky" at the age of 23, while

at Oxford, and it was first published in his magazine. "Mischmash." It was included in the story of Alice's adventures later when he was 39. He continued writing at Oxford and his later pamphleteering on mathematics, anti-vivisection, and architecture may represent an extension of the interest which he expressed in his personal magazines.

He was not fond of the usual adolescent activities and preferred intellectual games, writing, or long solitary walks. He changed his name to Lewis Carroll when he was twenty-five, ostensibly for the purpose of publication, but it seems also to have been an attempt to satisfy the demands of a nagging conscience.

He had been reporting for the college newspapers and after he became an editor he began to use the name of Lewis Carroll. He had considered Dares for his pen name, the first syllable of his birthplace, Daresbury, but later he invented Lewis Carroll from Ludowicus, the nearest latin name to Lutwidge. combined with the Latin for Charles, or Carolus. Although he was named Charles Lutwidge Dodson, he reversed the order in creating Lewis Carroll but omitted the use of a paternal name, Dodgson. This rejection of a symbol of the father seems to have been necessary at a time when his secular interests were not compatible with the church and during all of his life he felt guilty about the fact that he could not decide to enter the church and become fully ordained, which may point to some essential, unconscious conflict with his father.

As an adult, Lewis Carroll developed many peculiar, seemingly unrelated, eccentric habits and attitudes. Mr. Charles Collingwood, a relative, says that he suffered from unconscious periods which were like an attack or seizure. It was the sight of an epileptic man which caused Lewis Carroll to become interested in anatomy and as a result of his feeling against medical experimentation on the human body he became an ardent anti-vivisectionist. He wrote pamphlets on the subject and sent angry letters of complaint to the newspapers.

His rooms at Christ Church, in "The House", were comfortable and meticulously neat and clean. He decorated the walls with the pictures of the girl children whom he photographed but there were no pictures of boys or babies. He kept a file of all of his letters and he is said to have received over one hundred thousand. He registered each letter in a ledger, recorded the date of his answer, and his correspondence was apparently voluminous. He seems to have felt compelled to answer the letters he received although the replies were sometimes written several years after the original letter was received.

He bought notepaper in nine graduated sizes so that he could always write a letter which would be no longer than both sides of a sheet of paper but which would exactly fill both sides of the paper. One biographer states that he wrote mathematical treatises in black ink and stories in violet ink. He kept a large collection of pencils, pencil sharpeners, and mechanical pencils of which he was very proud.

His closest friends were young girl children with whom he maintained warm friendships until they were thirteen or fourteen years old. Most of his collected letters are to these friends and give additional understanding of Lewis Carroll's personality which was in distinct opposition to the characteristics of Charles L. Dodgson. If he maintained an interest in his child friends beyond puberty he often wrote them letters urging them to maintain spiritual well being but these letters contained little of the sparkling humor that he had written to them as children and he often says that he can hardly imagine that they are no longer children. There is no record of love for an adult woman, other than for Ellen Terry, whom he had seen act when he was a child, and for whose nieces he held a particular affection.

Lewis Carroll often invited his friends to his rooms for dinners or parties, where he photographed them in costumes which he kept in the rooms for this purpose. He

kept small toys and games for their amusement and invented music boxes which would run backward. He always kept a floor plan for each party, showing where each guest sat, and a menu book of the food served. He enjoyed planning dinners for others but ate very little himself. His lunch usually consisted of sherry, a biscuit, and a slice of melon. When he was entertained in a friend's home he took his own sherry bottle with him and asked to be served only from his own supply.

He was conservative in his choice of clothing and wore black suits with black or gray gloves. He said that gloves were of especial significance because they have "love" inside them and when a child once carried off one of his gloves he sent her a humorous bill for the expense and trouble she had caused him. He refused to wear an overcoat and if invited to dinner never wore a dinner jacket for he would not change his clothes once he had dressed for the day.

We are not given a great deal of information about his choice of vocation and yet there is evidence of some conflict because he remained a don and did not become a minister. As the oldest son, there was probably a strong family desire for him to carry on the clerical tradition of the family for the other three sons were ordained in the church, which probably only increased Lewis Carroll's guilt at his defection. If this is true, he accepted a part of the tradition when he could not embrace the whole for he was ordained a deacon and preached in University church although never fully ordained. He preached logical and serious sermons, without humor, and it was said they were simple enough for a child to understand. He was unorthodox in religion and disliked the Anglican tenets which disapproved of ministers who attended the theatre or were interested in secular activities. He always expressed a guilty love for the theatre and yet he did not feel that he could give up this interest and enter the church. His speech impediment may also have played a part in his decision against an active church life so he avoided a clean

cut solution by side-stepping the basic issue and preaching occasionally.

Lewis Carroll seemed modest and disliked success, protesting any recognition of his ability. He once wrote his mother that he was tired of being recognized for his achievements at Rugby, saying he felt he could not have gained more notoriety if he had shot the Dean. Following the success of the Alice stories, he avoided celebrity collectors by saying that Charles L. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll were two different persons and that Lewis Carroll was unknown at Oxford, becoming angry if he were unmasked as Lewis Carroll in a group which knew him as Professor Dodgson. He became increasingly shy, aloof and introspective, with a tendency to be easily offended and to show little interest in other adults.

The character of Lewis Carroll reverses at every point the behavior which was so well known in Professor Dodgson, bachelor don at Oxford College. Professor Dodgson was precise and careful while Lewis Carroll was inclined to be absent minded and to forget easily. He once failed to recognize his host of the previous day with, a convenient amnesia which is apparent to all of us. Professor Dodgson was austere and cold but Lewis Carroll was known as the man who loved children and who approached strange adults on the streets, in railroad coaches, or at the beaches to ask if he might play with the children. He carried toys and puzzles in his traveling bag for their entertainment and gained his greatest fame as the author of stories for children.

Although Professor Dodgson was cold, pedantic, and logical, Lewis Carroll wished for an artistic career and Tennyson and Ruskin were among his friends, as were most of the famous artists and authors of England. His photography of children and famous friends is delicate, sensitive, and intuitive with a clear perception of color, light, and the personality of the person whom he photographed.

Lewis Carroll was slight physically, wore his hair longer than was usual for the period, and was somewhat

boyish looking even after his hair had grayed. He spoke in a high voice and walked with a slight limp caused by house-maid's knee. He has been described as prim and old maidish in habit and attitude. A friend who was an artist commented on the fact that he seemed to have two profiles. He is also said to have had a tremor in his upper lip, a slow, precise manner of speech, probably related to his speech disorder, and deafness in one ear.

He was jealous of the attention of parents to their children and often became angry if his play with children was interrupted. It distressed him to hear children make errors in speech and he corrected them if they pronounced words poorly. He preferred children with straight hair and there is an indication of a fetish about hair for he seemed to have an exaggerated interest in this physical characteristic. He said he could imagine no pleasure greater than to brush the hair of Ellen Terry and he carried small scissors with him to snip souvenir locks of hair from children he met.

Lewis Carroll seems to have shown no interest in little boys, never photographed them, and was not interested in them as child actors. He did not like exaggerated speech or coarse jokes and was offended if a man dressed in woman's clothing in the theatre. He once left a play in which a man appeared as a woman but he did not seem to have any feeling about girls who dressed in boy's clothing, common practice in the children's theatre.

We are familiar with the baby who was nursed by the Ugly Duchess in the noisy kitchen while she sang a paradoxical lullaby to the child who was supposed to sleep in the pepper filled room:

Speak gently to your little boy
And beat him if he sneezes.
He only does it to annoy
Because he knows it teases.

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes,
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!

We are not surprised when the baby turns into a pig if we also know how Lewis Carroll felt toward children who were unfortunate enough to be born as boys, also his unhappy fate. When Alice reflects on the curious metamorphosis of the baby, the symbol of the pig as child is clear:

"If it had grown up . . . it would have been a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes a rather handsome pig, I think."

II

It is impossible to gain conscious understanding of the life of Lewis Carroll or of the meaning of his written phantasy unless a psychoanalytic approach is used in the study. One of the outstanding characteristics of the stories of Alice is the dreamlike quality of the writing and of the situations which Alice and the others encounter. Lewis Carroll admitted this when he first wrote the manuscript but discarded all references to dreams when he rewrote the book for publication. However, the verse which opens the book makes the intention clear:

The dream child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast —
And half believe it true.

Lewis Carroll seems to have escaped from harsh world realities into his stories as others escape from painful situations in dreams. The story of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" was consciously designed for the entertainment of the children of Dean Liddell, the friend of the author at Oxford, and Lewis Carroll characterized his stories as love

gifts. However, he was not conscious of the motivation of the stories nor of the source of their inspiration. The explanation of the phantasy came much later than the original creation and Professor Dodgson was often hard put to explain what he had meant when he wrote as Mr. Carroll. "The Hunting of the Snark" was always a mystery, for audience and author, and in one of the letters which he wrote some years after the verse was published, Lewis Carroll says:

"In answer to your question, 'What did you mean the Snark was?' will you tell your friend that I meant that the Snark was a Boojum. I trust that she and you will now feel quite satisfied and happy. To the best of my recollection, I had no other meaning in my mind, when I wrote it; but people have since tried to find the meaning in it. The one I like best (which I think is partly my own) is that it may be taken as an Allegory for the Pursuit of Happiness."

Although he made this explanation as "partly my own" it had been suggested in a letter written to him by three American children and represented the value which they had seen in the allegory rather than the meaning which Mr. Carroll had given it. He seems glad of an explanation, though made by another, and there is other evidence that he was never able to explain the meaning of the poem sufficiently, either to himself or others, for he also says:

"Of course you know what a Snark is? If you do, please tell me: for I haven't an idea of what it is like."

Lewis Carroll was as ignorant of the source of his material as we are often ignorant of the well-spring of the bizarre dreams of sleep:

" . . . I added my fresh ideas, which seemed to grow of themselves upon the original stock; and many more added themselves when, years afterward, I wrote it all over again for publication . . . but whenever or however . . . *it comes of itself*. I cannot set invention going like a clock, by any voluntary

winding up. . . Alice and The Looking Glass are made up almost wholly of bits and scraps, single ideas which come of themselves."

Lewis Carroll liked to invent portmanteau words which carried a double meaning and which telescoped several ideas into one word, just as a number of incidents may be symbolized in one event in a dream, but his explanations of these words were also made sometime after the word had been unconsciously written and given meaning. He writes the following explanation of the words in the Jabberwock; but it does not indicate a controlled, rational invention of words so much as a later analysis of meaning, which Mr. Carroll may mistrust even as he explains:

"I'm afraid I can't explain 'vorpal blade' for you — nor yet 'tulgey wood'; but I did make an explanation once for 'uffish thought' — It seems to suggest a state of ming when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. Then again, as to 'burble': if you take the three verbs 'bleat', 'murmur' and 'warble', and select the bits I have underlined, it certainly makes 'burble': though I am afraid I can't distinctly remember having made it in that way.

He has said that the Snark was a mythological creature which was half-snake and half-shark and this verse was written in reverse, in a sense, for the first line which occurred to him was the last line of the written poem:

"For the Snark was a Boojum you see."

There is a relationship between the two poems, "The Hunting of the Snark" and "The Jabberwocky", for some of the nonsense words are common to both poems. The following explanation of the words in the "Jabberwocky" was made in "Mischmash" in 1855: one of the newspapers which Lewis Carroll wrote while at Oxford:

"*BRYLLYG*... (derived from the verb to *BRYL* or *BROIL*). "The time of broiling dinner, i. e., the close of the afternoon."

SLYTHY. (compounded of SILMY and LITHE).
"smooth and active."

TOVE. A species of Badger. They had smooth white hair, long hind legs, and short horns like a stag; lived chiefly on cheese.

GYRE. ver (derived from GYAOUR or GIAOUR, "a dog") to scratch like a dog."

GYMBLE. (whence GIMBLET) "to screw out holes in anything"

WABE. (derived from the verb to SWAB or SOAK) "the side of a hill." (from it's being soaked by the rain)

MIMSY. (whence MIMSERABLE and MISERABLE) "unhappy".

BOROGROVE. An extinct kind of Parrott. They had no wings, beaks turned up, and made their nests under sun-dials; lived on veal.

MOME. (hence SOLEMOME, SOLEMONE, and SOLEMN) "grave".

RATH. A species of land turtle. Head erect; mouth like a shark; the fore legs curved out so that the animal walked on its knees; smooth green body; lived on swallows and oysters.

OUTGRABE. past tens of the verb to OUTGRIBE. (it is connected with the old verb to BRIKE or SHRIKE from which are derived "shriek" and "creak") "squeaked."

Hence the literal English of the passage is: "It was evening, and the smooth active badgers were scratching and boring holes in the hill-side; all unhappy were the parrots; and the grave turtles squeaked out."

There were probably sun-dials on the tops of the hill, and the "borogroves" were afraid that their nests would be undermined. The hill was probably full of the nests of "raths" which ran out squeaking with fear, on hearing the "toves" scratching out-

side. This is an obscure, but yet deeply affecting relic of Ancient Poetry."

Lewis Carroll described this as Anglo Saxon poetry and in "Carroll's Alice", Professor Harry Morgan Ayres, Columbia University, traces characters and illustrations to an Anglo Saxon source. He feels that "Haigha" and "Hatta" in "Through the Looking Glass" are prototypes for the Hatter and the March Hare in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." He believes that Haigha is a name coined from the name of an English authority on Anglo-Saxon, Daniel Henry Haigh. He also found the word "hatte" used in the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, which may have been mistaken by Lewis Carroll as a family name although it is a translation of a verb, "is called".

Professor Ayres shows further that some of the costume detail in the Tenniel drawings is similar to the drawings in the early Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, particularly in the cross-gartering and the design of the shoes of Haigha and Hatta. His thesis is further supported by Lewis Carroll's references to "Anglo-Saxon attitudes" of "skipping and wriggling with great hands spread out on each side," which is an exact description of the flat, awkwardly articulated drawings in the early Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. Lewis Carroll called it an "attitude" with perhaps an intentional pun on the word of "hatte", thus making it "(h) attitudes). There are other evidences that his imaginative characters were based on friends and acquaintances or other people who are familiar to all of us — teachers, nurses, butlers, gardeners and other adults.

The practice of reversal permeates the life of Lewis Carroll, his stories, and his hobbies. Alice found herself in a world which reversed the accepted patterns of the world and the story of the Looking Glass is a story of complete reversal of the real world. In his own life, Lewis Carroll was obliged to write with the right-hand rather than the left, and to reverse the character of Charles Dodgson in order to become Lewis Carroll. Everything worked backward for Alice, too, when she fell down the rabbit hole into another

world or when she stepped into the land behind the looking glass. Lewis Carroll liked to write in reverse and sent letters which could be read only when they were held up to a mirror. He wrote the verse about the Jabberwock in reverse and the last line first.

One of the letters to a child friend was written with the signature of Charles Dodson as salutation and opens:

"C. L. D. Uncle loving your"

The letter is somewhat acid in tone for Lewis Carroll was writing about a birthday gift which had not pleased him:

"It was so nice of you to give me that pretty Antimicassar you had made for my grandfather. And how well it has lasted."

His life seems to indicate that he did not like his adult, masculine character and that he wished to change himself into a small, adventurous girl because he could not reverse the inexorable force which propelled him toward adult life. If he could have reversed his order in the family constellation, he could have displaced the progression of ten brothers and sisters who forced him to become the oldest child. He is clear in stating his feeling toward boy babies and an important boy character, Bruno, appears in only one story, "Sylvie and Bruno", although he is more like a little girl than like a little boy and Lewis Carroll did not complete the story until after twenty years of work. There are clear expressions of hostility toward boys and the letters of Lewis Carroll include only one letter to a boy. It is full of rejection with little friendliness in the tone:

"I would have been very glad to write to you as you wish, only there are several objections. I think when you have heard them, you will see that I am right in saying 'no'. The first objection is, 'I've got no ink. . . The next objection is, 'I've no time. You don't believe that, you say? Well, who cares? . . . The third and greatest objection is, my great dislike for children. I don't know why, I'm sure: but I hate them — just as one hates armchairs and plum pudding. . . So you see, it would never do to write

to you. Have you any sisters? I forget. If you have, give them my love. . . I hope you won't be much disappointed at not getting a letter from

Your affectionate friend,

Much of the humor of Lewis Carroll is based on reversal of the intention of an original thought and he parries the aggression of others by thrusting it back upon his opponent. The logical, childlike arguments of Alice are a perversion of adult logic and Lewis Carroll used this same device in some of his correspondence:

In some ways, you know, people that don't exist are much nicer than people that do. For instance, people that don't exist are never cross; and they never contradict you; and they never tread on your toes! Oh, they're ever so much nicer than people that do exist. However, never mind; you can't help existing; and I daresay you're just as nice as if you didn't."

Such logic is the peculiar delight of children who trap and overcome the restrictive adult by extending the original promise to an infinite, illogical, never-to-be-expected conclusion. It is also a sadistic, verbal revenge and we are all familiar with the person that cannot be convinced because of the illogical logic that protects him.

This tendency seems closely related to the teasing which we find in many of Lewis Carroll's letters and which is often openly hostile. He wrote the little boy a letter because he felt a compulsion to answer all letters and he pretended to meet the request, yet he denies he has written the letters, asks that the boy not feel too disappointed, while at the same time he inquires about the boy's sisters to whom he sends his love. It is significant that he signed some letters "Sylvie" but he never used the name of Bruno which further suggests his identification with his small girl characters rather than with the boys. He could never overcome this aversion to boys and writes in another letter:

"My best love to yourself — to your Mother kindest

regards — to your small, fat, impertinent, ignorant brother my hatred."

He does not seem to have enjoyed being a boy, although he remembers

"Once I was a real boy"

just as the Mock Turtle laments

"Once I was a real turtle".

He was once asked to teach in a boy's school and wrote the following reply:

"To me they (boys) are not an attractive race of beings (as a little boy I was simply detestable) and if you wanted to induce me, by money, to come and teach them, I can only say you would have to offer more than £1000 per year."

A recent biographer, Florence Becker Lennon, feels that the verse of Lewis Carroll sometimes indicates an unresolved Oedipus conflict with a strong attachment to the mother. "Solitude", written when Lewis Carroll was twenty one, seems to support Mrs. Lennon's analysis:

I'd give all wealth that years have piled,
The slow result of Life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one bright summer day.

Although Mrs. Lennon does not frankly admit a Freudian analysis of this verse, there is sufficient symbolism in this poem and in another, "Stolen Waters", to support the thesis that Lewis Carroll remained at a childish level in his emotional life:

I kissed her on the false, false lips —
That burning kiss, I feel it now!

'True love gives true love of the best;
Then take', I cried, 'my heart to thee!'
The very heart from out my breast
I plucked, I gave it willingly:
Her very heart she gave to me —
Then died the glory from the west.
In the gray light I saw her face,

And it was withered, old, and gray;
The flowers were fading in their place,
Were fading with the fading day.

Lewis Carroll offers a solution to the insoluble dilemma of adulthood by substituting a state of childish existence, aimed not at the realization of a mature adult life, but fixed at a level of innocence in life until the adult-child passes into the larger innocence of death:

Be as a child —
So shalt thou sing for very joy of breath —
So shalt thou wait thy dying,
In holy transport lying —
So pass rejoicing through the gate of death,
In garment undefiled.

There is a further indication of an unsolved emotional problem in Lewis Carroll's choice of young girls as love objects; young girls who were sisters; sisters who were young girls and thus one step removed from the mother who may not be loved because of the taboo of the father and of society. He stated his ideal of love as that of a young girl but stipulated that they must be young girls from outside the family. We have also seen that when Lewis Carroll reversed the family name he omitted adoption of the paternal name but maintained the perversion of the mother's family name, just as his identifications remained with girl children instead of with boys. He seems to have solved his adolescent conflict by putting adult sexuality aside and remaining a passive compliant son who did not protest the loss of his masculine adulthood openly, but who apparently never loved an adult woman.

If this is true, his repression of feeling must have been deep and unrealized, which may explain in part the elaborate defenses which he created to protect himself from anxiety. We have seen that he created two personalities for himself and that he lived as Charles L. Dodgson or Lewis Carroll with the equal facility and enjoyment. In the final analysis, we can expect that it was through such a defense that life became tolerable for him and that he escaped eventual illness by splitting his personality into two forms. Dr. Paul

Schilder felt that the anal-sadistic content of the stories of Lewis Carroll were significant and most of the compulsions which he displayed are related to the retentive, hoarding, inflexible character of the anal personality which seems to be supported in his dress, the cataloging of letters and papers, the neatness of his room, his choice of note paper in graduated sizes, his scanty diet, his clean gloves, and the general neatness and precise exactness of his life. The exaggerated control of his environment seems to mirror a fear of the volatile and explosive unconscious wishes which he felt. Neither could he be certain what to expect from uncontrolled, free, and less restricted people in the world so he shunned them and sought security in the presence of children who are also immature adults. In later years, his fears bordered on the pathological, for he refused to drink from a sherry bottle other than his own and he cut the pages of his manuscripts into strips when he mailed them to the illustrator who was instructed to use a guide, mailed by separate post, in reassembling the manuscript.

There is a persistence of sexual feeling which cannot be denied, however, and Lewis Carroll was aware of some guilt in his relationships with his young friends for he always felt that Mrs. Grundy was looking over his shoulder:

“(being now an old man who can venture on things that ‘Mrs. Grundy’ would never permit to a younger man) have some little friend to stay with me as a guest. My last friend was the little girl who lately played Alice.”

Mrs. Grundy is a further censor of his activities in the following letter which was written with so much nervousness that the original is hardly legible. It is a letter full of apology and fear but also full of persistence and anxious expectation when he invites a child to visit him:

“You were so gracious the other day that I have nearly got over my fear of you. The slight tremulousness which you may observe in my writing, produced by the thought that it is you I am writing to, will soon pass off. Next time I borrow you, I

shall venture on having you alone: I like my child friends best one by one: and I'll have Maggie alone another day, if she'll come (that is the great difficulty!) But first I want to borrow (I can scarcely muster courage to say it) your eldest sister. Oh, how the very thought of it frightens me! Do you think she would come? I don't mean alone: I think Maggie might come, too, to make it all proper . . ."

This letter is almost hysterical, pleading and suppliant, with mixed fear that he may be misunderstood and a further fear that he may lose the love of one child when he asks her to act as his intermediary with her sister. There is some biographical material which indicates that some parents were unwilling to permit their children to visit Lewis Carroll and he objected if the parents did not wish children to visit him unchaperoned. There was an open, unspecified disagreement between Mrs. Liddell and Mr. Dodgson which must remain mysterious until his diaries are published or until there is further biographical information concerning him. In addition to preferring his visitors alone, and resenting the interruption of parents, it was difficult for Lewis Carroll to share his friends with others. He sent the following gentle reprimand to one of the children whom he knew:

"Oh, child, child! I kept my promise yesterday afternoon, and came down to the sea, to go with you along the rocks: but I saw you going with another gentleman, so I thought I wasn't wanted just yet; so I walked about a bit, and when I got back a couldn't see you anywhere, though I went a good way on the rocks to look."

His interest in figure drawing seems a further sublimation of his sexual interest in children. This never became a conscious sexual interest and yet his preoccupation with girl children can scarcely be understood in other terms. A woman friend who was also an artist worked with him to secure suitable models and states that he considered twelve the ideal age for his drawing for he considered children too thin who were younger. In later years, Lewis Carroll

developed a close friendship with Harry Furniss, the artist who illustrated several editions of his stories, and in one of his letters, Lewis Carroll confesses his wish and the accompanying fear of social taboos:

"I wish I dared dispose with all costume: naked children are so perfectly pure and lovely, but Mrs. Grundy would be furious — it would never do. Then the question is, how little dress would content her."

Although he wrote about "children" in the letter he did not mean all children, but only little girls, for he states in another letter:

"I confess I do not admire naked boys, in pictures. They always seem to need clothese — whereas one hardly sees why the lovely forms of girls should ever be covered up."

His interest in the figures of little girls and his love of little girls was the eventual expression of his denial of adult sexual life. There is a cohesion in the pattern if we recall his interest in photography, the costumes in which he dressed his young friends, his summer vacations at the beach, and the actual celibacy which he chose for himself, further enforced by his association with the church.

Love may assume many aspects when denied and Dr. Schilder has identified the sadism, unconsciously expressed in the fairy tales of Lewis Carroll. This can be further illustrated in many of his letters, which contain moralistic advice, corrections of speech and grammar, or playful complaints when his young friends do not give him the love and attention which he demands.

In one letter, he writes to apologize for having failed to congratulate a child on her birthday and although he called when no one was at home he imagined the following scene as preparation for the child's party:

"I had just time to look into the kitchen, and saw your birthday feast getting ready, a nice dish of crusts, bones, pills, cotton-bobbins, and rhubarb and magnesia. 'Now', I thought, 'she will be happy!' And with a smiling face I went away."

He was very conscious of birthdays and some of his letters are complaints about the gifts he received. They are usually complaints couched in coy terms but the harshness is there, though disguised and softened:

"Thank you very much for the napkin ring, but do you know I never use anything of the sort, so I hope you won't mind giving it to somebody else instead, and if you really want to make something for me, make me a little bag (say a square bag about the size of this note sheet); *that* would be really useful, and I should be really glad to have it."

At another time he had been promised a gift which had not been sent him so he wrote the following letter to complain although he reversed his feeling and wrote the letter as though he were writing to thank his young friend for the birthday present:

"I have waited since January 27 to thank you for your letter and present, that I might be able to say the 'scales' had come — But as they still don't come, I will wait no longer. Thank you for all your birthday wishes and for the 'scales', whatever they are."

Although he was timid in his behavior, he dreaded the rejection that the timid person always fears and the following letters show his anger when he is neglected, although he also pretends that the loss of a friend more or less could mean little to him. There is also interesting incidental information about his voluminous letter writing:

"*Please* don't suggest to her to write, poor child. If she had got, as I have, more than 800 entries in her letter-register for this year, she wouldn't be particularly keen about adding one to the list."

Despite his friendships there is a complaint of ultimate poverty of love in the wistful confession which Lewis Carroll made in another letter:

"Of course there isn't much companionship possible, after all, between an old man's mind and a little child's — what there is, is sweet — and wholesome, I think."

He once wrote a child that he forgot what the story of Alice was about but he said:

"I think it was about malice."

Some may feel that too great an emphasis has been placed on slight, incidental information about Lewis Carroll, as given in letters and articles, and yet it is precisely the slight and incidental which gives the deepest understanding of the forces which prompted him to fashion his life as he did. It is the chink in the armor which is dangerous, the vulnerable break in the defense, but it may also be the avenue to the heart and a true understanding of the individual.

There is a good deal of evidence which traces the characters in the stories of Alice to people known to Lewis Carroll. The following description of the White Rabbit might almost be a description of the personality of Lewis Carroll and seems to indicate the manner in which he introjected himself into his stories:

"And the White Rabbit, what of him? Was he framed on the Alice lines or meant as a contrast? As a contrast, distinctly. For her "youth", "audacity", "vigour", and "swift directness", of purpose", read "elderly", "timid", feeble", and "nervously shilly-shallying" and you will get *something* of what I meant *him* to be. I think the White Rabbit should wear spectacles. I am sure his voice should quaver, and his whole air to suggest a total inability to say "Bo" to a goose!"

There is a persistence in Lewis Carroll's feeling that his writing should have meaning, even though he could not always give it, and it is the Red Queen who reminds Alice that:

"Even a joke should have meaning."

It is important for our understanding, then, to relate the other clues concerning characters to the origins which Lewis Carroll has defined. Canon Duckworth accompanied Lewis Carroll on the boat trip the day he first told the story to the Liddell children and later Carroll sent a copy of the book to the Canon, with the inscription:

"The Duck from the Dodo."

The Duck and the Dodo in Wonderland seem to have been created from the first syllables of the two names, Duckworth and Dodgson. It is also interesting to recall the symbol of the Dodo bird which is stupid, ineffective, and aimless, which may be related to the stammering ineffectual life which Lewis Carroll lived and which in turn may also be related to his speech for a stammered pronunciation of Dodgson produces "Dodo" as the first syllable.

When the Dormouse tells the story of the three little girls who lived in the treacle well — Elsie, Lacey, and Tilly — he uses variations of the names of the children Lavinia, Alice, and Edith. Elsie is a pronunciation of the initials of Lavinia Charlotte; Lacie is an anagram for Alice; and Tillie was the pet name used for Edith. Later, "Lory", the parrot, may be traced to Lorina and "Eaglet" is a childish pronunciation of the name Edith.

It is possible to recognize the prototype of many familiar people in the stories of Lewis Carroll and to populate them with acquaintances whom we also wish to caricature. The reader may do this unconsciously and yet Lewis Carroll seems to have written many of his stories as an overt expression of malice, clothed in the socially acceptable form of whimsy. The inconsistency of the adult world is always apparent, but also apparent in the inconsistencies of the life of Lewis Carroll and of his acquaintances. The stories are filled with an endless procession of people in masquerade and somewhat ridiculous as a result; queens, kings, footmen, servants, teachers, gardeners, and other everyday people of everyday life.

Lewis Carroll suffered from insomnia, although he sometimes denied it and one of his young friends said that his most absurd ideas came to him when he was almost asleep. He walked long distances during the day and invented a system of cryptograph writing which enabled him to write his thoughts in the dark. Although he worked hard during the day and exhausted himself physically, he was often unable to fall asleep and he wrote "Pillow Problems" to pro-

vide ways of occupying his mind when he was sleepless.

It was perhaps on the threshold of sleep that Lewis Carroll felt most keenly his discovery that if "live" is spelled backward it becomes "evil" for it is in this period of mental dusk that the darker thoughts of the mind threaten to penetrate into consciousness. Lewis Carroll expressed this same sentiment in speaking of the Snark:

I engage with the Snark — every night after dark —
in a dreamy delirious fight:

He could never explain this creature of his imagination, searched for but never found, although he realized that it was not quite all nonsense:

"Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them: so a whole book ought to mean more than the writer meant."

He never found a role for himself in the world, either, and remained with a portmanteau personality, now open as Lewis Carroll, now closed behind the armor of Charles L. Dodgson. He could not grasp the essential role of an adult, masculine person and he fumbled for his identity only to find it was usually expressed in a soft, feminine, plastic identification with young girl children. He was a pedantic, forbidding adult as Charles L. Dodgson and this role openly presented himself to the world, but as Lewis Carroll he became an adult, unmarried, secluded, male spinster. In later years, he became more openly the character of Lewis Carroll and the querulous and complaining characteristics of his behavior were said to be more pronounced.

Lewis Carroll was not a quiet, shy, passive person in all respects, but his revolt was expressed in a bland, limited, and inhibited way. Stories are made from words and words are intended to be spoken, so Lewis Carroll lived and protested through his stories while Professor Dodgson lived and protested in pamphlets or letters to the newspapers. Overt displacement of the shadowy authority of the father was never realized but Lewis Carroll was created from the spiritual rib of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and authority became divided and dilute so seemed less threatening.

There was a similar dilution in his own personality and his basic sexual conflict remained unexpressed, his sexual wishes disguised by his interest in young girls, while he guarded against overt sexuality by discarding his friends when they became adolescents. If women were necessary, they were necessary as mothers or sisters, not as wives or friends, which may bring us close to the basic source of the creative impulse of Lewis Carroll.

He could never slay the dragon and become the hero, the traditional role of the young hero in classic myths, for there is no hero in "The Hunting of the Snark". At the crucial moment the hero disappears, vanishes, and admits that he cannot even identify his enemy or find him:

But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away —
And the notion I cannot endure!

This is perhaps the only solution of the dilemma of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson who did not dare to become adult. Dr. Martin Grotjahn, in a psychological analysis of "Ferdinand the Bull" had shown a similar inclination in this modern, mythical character who refused to become an adult bull, fighting in the bull-ring, so remained the eternal child sitting quietly under the paternal cork-tree, smelling the beautiful flowers. Dr. Grotjahn explains the appeal of the book to the adult when he says:

"Adults like to read this book to children, telling them in this way that Ferdinand enjoys everlasting love, peace and happiness so long as he behaves like a nice little calf who does not grow up. In this case the book is used as a clear cut castration threat, like most famous books for children.

(Struwwelpeter, Alice in Wonderland.)

Lewis Carroll also remained a child and in this role solved the problem which we all have faced when growing up. It is perhaps this unconscious identification with him which makes us understand him when he speaks to us

through his stories and which will also make Alice live forever as a child of the collective, world unconscious.

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ABOUT THE SYMBOLIZATION OF ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

By

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"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; 'so now let the jury ——'

'If any one of them can explain it,' said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) 'I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.'

The jury all wrote down, on their slates, 'She doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,' but none of them attempted to explain the paper."

Alice in Wonderland, Chapter XII

PREVIOUS ANALYTIC REMARKS CONCERNING LEWIS CARROLL AND ALICE IN WONDERLAND(1)

The strange case of Alice's adventures in Wonderland has attracted the attention of psychoanalysts several times before. Most recently, John Skinner (2) pointed out how some character traits and possibly neurotic features of the author, Lewis Carroll, may have found expression in the strange symbolizations of his early, and to even higher degree, in his later writings.

In her book, "Victoria Through the Looking Glass,"

(1) **Lewis Carroll:** Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. The Modern Library. New York 1937

(2) **John Skinner:** Lewis Carroll's Adventures in Wonderland. American Imago, This Issue.

(3) **Florence Becker Lennon:** Victoria Through the Looking Glass. The Life of Lewis Carroll. Simon and Schuster. New York. 1945.

Florence Becker Lennon (3) takes issue with *Freud's* (4) theories on wit and humor. With the superiority of the professional historian and art critic towards the outsider and intruder, she misrepresents *Freud*, disregards completely later analytic contributions (5) to the problems of aesthetics and the comic; she then proceeds to ridicule psychoanalysis and to demonstrate its alleged limitations.

Ten years ago, *Paul Schilder* (6) expressed his views on Alice in Wonderland. His interpretation is another example of analytic interest in literature on folklore as documented from early writings of *Freud* to most recent publications by *Hanns Sachs*.

Paul Schilder points out how much anxiety in Alice is connected with a change in her body image, how often she was orally frustrated and never succeeded in eating anything, and how much oral aggressivity was found everywhere in the story. Besides the body image, time and space are distorted, which Schilder links with "extreme aggressivity." The preference for mirror-writing is taken as a possible indication for a right-left disturbance and as such, as a sign of an organic disorder. The inexhaustible play with words is considered as an almost schizophrenic symptom and analyzed according to *Freud's* interpretation of speech in the Schreber case. The word's significance diffuses into the sign, the word comes to its own life; Humpty Dumpty "lets the word work for him." At other places, words are "cut to pieces" and live forth as such, unite with other parts and take on new meaning — or no meaning at all. *Paul Schilder*

(4) **Sigmund Freud:** Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious. Paul, Trench, Tubner and Co. London, 1905. Modern Library, New York; 1938. pp. 633-803.

(5) As summarized, for instance, in Martin Grotjahn's "The Importance of Freud's Book 'Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious,' A Note on Teaching Psychoanalysis." Samiksa, Journal of the Indian Psychoanalytic Society. Vol. I, No. 1. pp. 39-49. 1947.

(6) **Paul Schilder:** Psychoanalytic Remarks on Alice in Wonderland and Lewis Carroll. The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease. Vol. 87, No. 2. Feb., 1938. pp. 159-168.

concludes "that nonsense literature will originate whenever there are incomplete object relations and a regression to deep layers involving the relation of space and time on the basis of primitive aggressiveness." It may be added that this inner relationship between regressive expression of aggression and the distortion of body, time and space is found not only in literature, but also in modern painting. The fluid, or almost fluid, watches and timepieces in the pictures by Salvadore Dali, his stereotyped, almost spaceless dimensions, give a clear illustration of such disintegration.

Lewis Carroll appeared to Paul Schilder as a "particularly destructive writer" and it was feared that this literature, so lacking of construction, with so little love and tenderness and regard for other people, may be bewildering and confusing for children.

THE SYMBOLIC EQUATION. GIRL — PHALLUS

Two years before Paul Schilder wrote down his remarks about Alice, Otto Fenichel (7) wrote a very important contribution for the understanding of symbols under the title: "The Symbolic Equation Girl — Phallus." Schilder applies Fenichel's opinion that little girls may symbolically express the phallus. What we know about Lewis Carroll, his personality development and behavior, as summarized and related to his writings recently by John Skinner, suggests a central position of this symbolic equation girl — phallus in the interpretation of Alice, who after all is the brainchild of Lewis Carroll and serves for the outlet of his unconscious fantasies and needs.

Such symboli-equation is most strikingly, and almost undisguisedly, presented in reality in the form, figure and function of the "Tambour Majorette." A young girl, marching in front of a large body of men, united with them but still demonstratively put in front of them, exhibiting herself as a part of the group without interfering with the exhibition of this group. She does not compete for more

(7) Otto Fenichel: Die Symbolische Gleichung: Maedchen-Phallus. Int. Zeitschrift f. P.A. 22:299-315, 1936.

attention or applause by the crowd than the men are to get who follow her, but she takes over a certain, always sexual component of this exhibitionistic, parading behavior of men in the marching group. Supposedly, she is loved by the men of the unit — actually she is not genitally loved but narcissistically admired, and after her parade she is not treated like a woman, but like a tired little child, badly in need of a rest. She then behaves like a penis post coitum. She emphasizes her symbolic meaning by her high hat, preferably adorned by a feather or pomp-pomp; she is usually stripped down to the essentials of her clothing but it is important that the essentials of her body remain well hidden. She invariably sports enormously oversized boots which look as if they were designed for a giant, approximately the size of all men of the unit combined in one. As if all of this would not be enough, she is given a stick in her hand which she twirls around untiringly. Moving like a four-gaited horse and demonstrating her surplus energy and potency by every move, she bends over like a phallus so erected that almost the bursting point is reached. At times, the performance is so obvious that it loses the character of a symbolization and assumes the feature of a pantomime, the lowest form of theatrical performance.

The great dynamic and economic function of the major-ette is her (or his?) unifying influence upon the group: she drains — and on non-genital level even satisfies — certain sexual feelings with their possibly disturbing qualities and leaves undisturbed the feelings which are non-genital and therefore especially fit for mass and group formation. Her second important function is her acting as a "connecting link" between the masculine marching unit and the admiring crowd. She is the focus or hot point of tension between crowd on the sidewalk and group on the march.

The symbolism of the girl — phallus can be shown in a vast multitude of variations ranging from the awe-inspiring heroine to the Vargas girl used as a pin-up, or the lucky charm of female figures on the cockpit of an airplane. The paintings of the girl — phallus have one special

phallic feature: They picture the girl in a state of erective strength, her form almost bursting from the second into the third dimension.

It is very important to recognize for the understanding of the symbolization of Alice in Wonderland, that the phallus must be represented only by a girl, not by a boy. It also must be a sexually undifferentiated girl, not yet a fully developed woman. The sexually undifferentiated boy is better suited for a highly sublimated symbolization: the angel. There are no female angels.

The reality of the penis makes the male better fitted for a quite different symbolization: namely, that of the devil, the principal of evil and sin. Lucifer too, like the majorette, shows a multitude of phallic symbols: his horns, his spear, his tail, his hoofs. They, however, represent symbolically more the purpose of the genitals than their narcissistically so highly evaluated beauty. And it seems that according to infantile beliefs and in later stages according to our unconscious, there remains the pessimistic opinion that all purpose is bad. Purpose spoils the play and turned it into work; purpose changed narcissistic admiration into conquest and competition.

Between the symbolic equation girl — phallus and the devil stands a third symbolization which is needed for the interpretation of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. The girl — phallus symbolizes narcissistically admired phallus — admired but not used — like the majorette is exhibited but not used in any other sexual way. The devil symbolizes in contrast the sinful function of the penis. In between stands the "Däumling" of Andersen's fairy tales or the dwarfs of Snow White or the little imaginary men of our children who live an adventurous life in the body of the giant. The unconscious may use the phallus, stripped of all sexual potentialities, but still omnipotent and all-knowing, penetrating and victorious. In a symbolic way, the final answer is given to the question: "What price castration?" The symbolic aspects of the "castrated phallus"

have been shown by *Helene Deutsch* (8) in her analytic interpretation of *Don Quixote* and by *Fritz Moellenhoff* (9) in his paper about the popularity of Mickey Mouse.

THE SYMBOLIZATION IN "WONDERLAND"

John Skinner (2) has given the possible unconscious motives in Lewis Carroll's personality as known to us today which may have prompted him to indulge in the Wonderland phantasies. Regardless of the unconscious motives and intentions of the author, he succeeded in creating a phantasy of enduring value with great fascination for all of us. It should be possible, therefore, aside from the personal motivation and meaning, to point out and to interpret some of the relations between the "Adventures" and the unconscious of the reader. Without this appeal to the unconscious of the reader, the "Adventures" would have remained what they originally have been: a highly regressive daydream of the Rev. Charles Dodgson. His schizoid personality, his compulsive character traits, his often paranoid behavior, his regressive attitude and loving fascination by sexually undifferentiated child-actresses, his childhood experiences as the son of a minister and the oldest of 11 siblings — all this gave him the qualifications to create the Adventures and to be joined there by his friends, with whom he had so little contact on this side of Wonderland.

Lewis Carroll created in literature what Melanie Klein tried to call science in the framework of her theories. Evidence that Alice represents the symbolic equation girl — phallus and her adventures represent a trip back into mother's womb is easily gathered in the book: a rabbit leads Alice "down the tunnel" and the descent is "very slow." She comes to a room with "doors all around" but they are "all locked." Alice wants to "shut up like a tele-

(8) *Helene Deutsch*: *Don Quixote and Don Quixotism*. The Psychoanalytic Quarterly, Vol. VI, No. 2. April 1937. pp. 215-222.

(9) *Fritz Moellenhoff*: *Remarks on the Popularity of Mickey Mouse*. Amer. Imago, June 1940. 1:19, No. 3. pp. 19-32.

scoop" and sure enough, with the help of some magic fluid, she finds herself being "only ten inches high."

At the opening of Chapter II is a picture of Alice which is almost too obvious for words, and which could be easily misinterpreted as obscene: Alice is elongated to the extreme, has a small head, a long neck, a trunk without shoulders or hips, is continued without curves into the pillar-like legs. The arms are small and practically non-existent, the dress only emphasizes the phallic appearance of the girl, asking almost teasingly: "Who in the world am I?" The illustrating artist, John Tenniel, betrays here his secret, intuitive understanding of Carroll's symbolism and gives it the perfectly fitting visual expression.

In the lake of tears, representing the water from where all life and babies come, Alice seems to find all of her 10 brothers and sisters of Lewis Carroll in the form of Duck and Dodo, Lory and Eaglet "and several other curious creatures." How to get dry again after the swim in the pool of tears is easily said: by learning "the driest thing I know," about William the Conqueror.

There is also a hostile way of growing: Alice grows so fast that she almost threatens to burst the whole house she is in; "as a last resort, she put one arm out of the window and one foot up the chimney." In its destructiveness for mother and child, hostile phantasies could hardly be better expressed.

The pigeon seems to know that little girls are snakes and intend to destroy all eggs, stating most clearly: "They are a kind of serpent, that is all I can say." What Alice herself thinks of children in Wonderland, especially boys, is also clearly expressed: she turns him into a pig. Down there time stands still, and it is "always six o'clock now."

Finally Alice meets the Queen, who is as dreadful and yet quite like the Duchess. The King is only vaguely outlined and not very impressive. There are again "10 children", as in Charles Dodgson's family (not counting Charles himself). The Queen mother seems to give life freely and she takes it away with even greater ease, nullify-

ing the whole effort of creation and destruction, ending it all in a catastrophic tumbling down of a pack of cards. As it might have been predicted, nobody can go down into the mothers unpunished, so Alice has to face the trial of the Queen and King. She solves the situation by retreating into reality and awakening.

THE LOBSTER-QUADRILLE:
HIGH POINT OR DISINTEGRATION
OF SYMBOLIZATION?

Like dreams dreamt in the same night, some of Alice's adventures show the same motive in different degrees and variations of disguise. The process of symbolization becomes more and more regressive, and this seems to be true not only for the story of Alice in Wonderland, but quite generally for all later works of Lewis Carroll. Words assume more and more their own meaning and finally have lost their object cathexis like in a schizophrenic psychosis. Fantastic animals take over the progress of the story to ever higher extent. What in the beginning of the story seemed to have been a re-discovery of an old childhood enjoyment, to ridicule intelligence, logic, time and space, becomes later a world of its own, again resembling a psychotic break with reality or at least presenting the scars of such a break. At first, the reactivation of the primary process could be accomplished in the service of the author's ego—later it looks as if the poet's ego had to compromise in order to hold things together. The danger point occurs approximately in Chapter VIII, "The Queen's Croquet Ground." The "Mock Turtle's Story" and the "Lobster-Quadrille" are full of such disintegrated symbolisms, interwoven with something called "morals" as, for example:

"'Tut, tut, child!' said the Duchess. 'Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it.' And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke."

"'Tis so,' said the Duchess: 'and the moral of

that is—“Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!””

““Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.””

This integration or individualization or over-cathexis of the symbolization does not necessarily influence the poetic or artistic value of the poem's work. As in *Faust*, Part II, or in Dante's *Inferno*, the highest point in Alice's voyage to the end of the night can probably be described only in words and symbols as used in the “*Lobster-Quadrille*.” Almost as in a catatonic rigor, words are of no meaning any more and even the feelings probably are far “beyond the pleasure principle.” Alice can describe the state of her existence—should she would care to describe it—on the rocky shores of the ocean, only in the allegoric picture of the lobsters dancing a quadrille. The highest artistic experience is not necessarily identical with the highest artistic expression.

THE AWAKENING OF ALICE

In accordance with the fact of increasing disintegration of symbolization is the fact that Alice's rebirth or awakening is the book's weakest part. As in Charles Dodgson's real life, the conflict seems to have remained unsolved. He was much better in putting Alice to sleep than in waking her up. The reader follows willingly down the road to the mothers, but the way back to reality and life he has to make by himself.

So to speak, the awakening from Alice's *Adventures* demands more from the ego's integrative powers than the awakening from a fairy tale. Here again the regressive character of the symbolization becomes obvious. In the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen the regression leads only to the reactivation of magic-mystic ways of the infantile levels of thinking and phantasies. In the last part of the *Adventures* the regression goes much further and the solution does not seem to be an Ego Integration but a compromise formation.

From the point of analytic interpretation as developed here, the question of the value of Carroll's book for the mental health or education of children becomes meaningless. As in all good books for children, it is not only for children, but for the child in all men. The lack of love, of regard for other people, the intense cruelty, the rebellion against rhyme and reason, the final distortion of everything seen through the looking-glass does not matter.

If I should formulate the analytic meaning of the reading experience of Carroll's *Adventures*, I would formulate it in a similar way in which *Hanns Sachs* (10) formulated once the aim of analysis. Such books as Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* lead to an artistic and testing regression; they open a temporary guilt-free and relatively anxiety-free communication to the unconscious. Necessary repression and sublimation are achieved easier and with healthier results when the communication with the creative unconscious is kept alive, free and open.

(10) **Hanns Sachs:** *Observations of a Training-Analyst.* *Psycho-analytic Quarterly*, Vol. XVI. 1947. No. 2. pp. 157-168.

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S
"LIFE OF THE POET RICHARD SAVAGE"
— A PARADIGM FOR A TYPE.

By

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Two hundred and three years ago, the English lexicographer wrote a benevolent and human biography of his friend, the destitute poet Savage. Savage and Johnson have a strange fate in literature: were it not for Boswell's biography of Johnson, the latter were forgotten as conversationalist, only to be remembered as scurilous personality** and compiler of an outdated work on semantics. Were it not for Johnson's reflected fame, Savage would have been forgotten even more.

Johnson bases his biography of Savage on *one* fact exclusively: his mother rejected the child, did not acknowledge its very existence, even persecuted it with pathological hatred. That unusual and dramatic event is made responsible for practically everything which happened later in Savage's life. It makes for a good story; unfortunately, one little fact marres the conclusion: Savage found out only around the *age of seventeen* about his noble descent, and his mother's cruel attitude. Since we know through Freud's lifework that the child's psyche is formed much earlier, the whole premise collapses, on which Johnson bases his conclusions.

In spite of that simple, though decisive, fact, Johnson's biography of Savage is worth reading and studying: he gives a perfect description of a *masochistic parasite*. We have only to substitute the term "psychic masochism", ev-

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**See Dr. E. Hitschmann's excellent and deep searching study on Johnson. The Psa. Rev. 1945.

everytime Johnson uses terms like "fortitude", "equality of mind" or "insurmountable obstinacy of his spirit". With that slight modification, the material, presented in "Richard Savage", is of great clinical importance.

* * * *

This is Johnson's story of Richard Savage.

"In the year 1697, Anne Countess of Macclesfield, having lived some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty; and therefore declared that the child with which she was then great was begotten by the Earl Rivers. This, as may be imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself, and he prosecuted his design in the most effectual manner; for he applied not to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act by which his marriage might be dissolved, the nuptial contract annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognisable by ecclesiastical judges; and, on March 3rd, was separated from his wife, whose *fortune, which was very great, was repaid her**, and who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in short time married to Colonel Brett.

"While the Earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January, 1697-8, delivered of a son; and the Earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather and gave him his own name, which was by his direction inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Hollborn; but unfortunately, left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not indeed easy to

*Italics in this and the following quotations from Johnson's text, are mine.

discover what motives could be found to overbalance that natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crimes and solicited reproach, and on whom the clemency of the legislature had undeservedly bestowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminished by the expenses which the care of her child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely that she would be wicked without temptation; that she would look upon her son from his birth with a kind of resentment and abhorrence; and, instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, delight to see him struggling with misery, or that she would take every opportunity of aggravating his misfortunes and obstructing his resources, and with an *implacable and restless cruelty continue her persecution from the first hour of his life to the last.*

“But, whatever were her motives, no sooner was her son born that she discovered a resolution of disowning him; and in very short time *removed him from her sight by committing him to the care of a poor woman*, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

“Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage. Born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and disowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obscurity, and launched upon the ocean of life only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands or dashed upon the rocks.”

The nurse treated Savage “like her own son”; no details are given of his first years of life. He was sent to a small grammar-school near St. Alban’s. While “cultivating his genius” in school, where he was first initiated in literature, his father, the Earl River, wanted, before his death, to provide for the illegitimate child. He was, however, informed by Savage’s real mother, that the boy died. The

result was that Savage (who was called by the name of his nurse) was deprived of a legacy of 6000 pounds.

The next act of disposing of the unwanted child, was allegedly an unsuccessful attempt on the part of Savage's mother to "send him secretly to the American plantations", thus exposing the son, in Johnson's opinion, to "slavery and want."

Then, Savage was placed with a shoemaker. Shortly afterwards, his nurse died, and Savage found, between her papers, letters, written to the nurse by his grandmother, Lady Mason. That correspondence made clear to Savage the mystery surrounding his birth "and the reasons for which it was concealed."

"He was no longer satisfied with the employment which has been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother." He tried to interest his mother in the fact of his existence, but neither his letters, nor interposition of "those friends which his merit or his distress procured him", made any impression. Even his attempts to see her, were frustrated, and Savage "could neither soften her heart nor open her hand." "He was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support; and having no profession, became by necessity an author."*

Without any knowledge, he entered the Bangonian controversy, and wrote at the age of 20 (1717) a poem against the Bishop. Simultaneously, he fabricated two comedies, "borrowed from a Spanish plot", called "Woman's a Riddle" and "Love in a Veil." The author received no benefit from these—as Johnson, the critic, judges—unsuccessful comedies, with the exception of his acquaintanceship with Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Wilks, "by whom he was pitied, caressed and relieved."

*One must admit that that statement of Johnson's is rather cruel on authors. It is not in contradiction to Johnson's opinion: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." That proves that Johnson was not a creative writer himself, as is well known. The real writer writes out of inner necessity, to solve an inner conflict.

Sir Richard was financially not too reliable, though "he proposed to have established him (Savage) in some settled scheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds." Sir Richard was unable to raise the sum, the marriage was delayed. "In the meantime he was officiously informed that Mr. Savage had *ridiculed him*; by which he was so much exasperated that he *withdrew the allowance* he had paid him and never afterwards admitted him to his house."

Having lost Richard's "protection" through his own *provocation*—a technique to be *chronically repeated*—, Savage had only the help of the actor Wilks to rely upon, by whose "interposition" he once received 50 pounds from his mother, and a promise of 150 more. The latter promise was not kept, after his mother lost some money in speculations.

Savage attached himself to Wilks, mingled with the theatrical crowd, and found a new "protector", the beautiful actress Oldfield. That lady, who, as Johnson intimates, had a rather doubtful reputation, "was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortune, that she allowed him a *settled pension of 50 pounds a year*, which was during her life regularly paid." Johnson informs us that Mrs. Oldfield died on Oct. 23rd, 1730; the beginning of the "settled pension" is not mentioned. Since Savage's association with the theatre started in his eighteenth year, one can assume that Savage, being at the time of Mrs. Oldfield's death in his 33rd year, received the pension for approximately *ten long years*. In other connections Johnson mentions twice that at that time 50 pounds were sufficient for moderate living: "though it might have kept an exact economist from want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr. Savage."

Hence Savage's constant complaints about lack of money, were not quite justified. That point is of importance: were Savage only interested in "making" a parasitic living, he would have had that opportunity. Especially, as he later

received 50 pounds *every year* from the Queen. It will become clear that unconsciously Savage wanted something different from life: *injustice collecting*. The latter conclusion is, of course, foreign to Johnson.

Without consistency, Johnson skips over the episode of the ten-year pension from Mrs. Oldfield, and in the next pages represents Savage once more as destitute, once more the victim of his mother's cruelty. Savage tried his luck with a tragedy, centered around the life of Sir Thomas Overbury:

"During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodging, and often without meat, nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident."

The play was not a success*; Savage was "reduced to appear as a player", and "the theater being a province for which nature seemed not have designed him", he retired from that venture with 100 pounds.

The play brought Savage in contact with Hill, who wrote the Prologue and Epilogue, helped in correction of many verses, not without Savage's rejecting provocatively many a suggestion. Hill treated Savage kindly, encouraged later a subscription to a MISCELLANY OF POEMS, in "a very extraordinary manner by publishing his story in THE PLAIN DEALER." The subscription brought in the first days 70 guineas.

Savage "was now advancing his reputation", and at exactly that point, the typical self-created masochistic turn occurred which brought Savage one inch from the hangman's noose. He got, in a drunken state and accompanied by a few cronies, embroiled in a tavern fight, in which one James Sinclair was killed. The allegedly guilty were ar-

*In his last years, Savage tried to re-write that tragedy.

rested, and removed to the prison in Newgate. The witnesses against Savage were two women: a brothelkeeper "and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in bed." They swore that Savage drew first and stabbed Sinclair when the latter was not in a posture of defense. Both, Savage and his companion Gregory, were condemned to death. Attempts at rescuing Savage were counteracted by his darling mother, who let the Queen know that Savage attempted once to kill her. Thus Savage nearly perished "by the evidence of a bawd, a strumpet, and his mother." That feminine trio was counteracted by the Countess of Herford who achieved the Queen's pardon for Savage.

During his imprisonment Savage was of "great equality of mind", as typical for psychic masochists in *great* and selfprovoked danger:

"Mr. Savage, during his imprisonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under sentence of death, behaved with great firmness and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the esteem of those who before admired him for his abilities."

After release from prison, Savage was still "without any other support than accidental favors and uncertain patronage afforded him; sources by which he was sometime *very liberally supplied*, and which at other times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between want and plenty; or what was yet worse, between *beggary and extravagance*; for, as whatever he received was gift of chance, which might as well favor him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he *always hoped to be immediately supplied*."

Having thus no income, Savage did not try to get one by work, but conceived the idea of *extorting money from his mother*. He "therefore threatened to harass her with lampoons." That strange work-substitute, does not surprise his biographer who dryly remarks:

"This expedient proved successful."

Lord Tyrconnel—obviously the family representative—

allowed him a *pension of 200 pounds a year*. Thus started "the golden part of Mr. Savage's life . . . his appearance was splendid, his expenses large and his acquaintances extensive. He was courted. . . To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of discernment, and to be acquainted with him was a title to poetical reputation."

Savage wrote a malicious pamphlet *THE AUTHOR TO BE LET*, introducing a "prostitute scribbler", Iseariot Hackney, securing the enduring enmity of all hack-writers, whose confidences he betrayed, not to forget the anger of their powerful patrons. *Without masochistic conflicts—no life, was seemingly Savage's formula.*

"The ignominy of an informer" (by giving material to a Pope), was mingled with the accusation of "literary hypocrisy", coupled with rumors of betraying friends—once more a satisfactory masochistic set-up (though not comparable with waiting for the hangman, still not to sneeze at),—all this achieved at the pinnacle of success, in "the golden part of life."

Once more, Johnson skips over that ephemeral part in his hero's life, and lets Savage "lament the *misery of living at the tables of other men*, which was *his fate* from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three months together, a settled habitation, in which he could claim a right of residence." *The indiscrete fact that "his fate" was selfchosen, selfprovoked, selfperpetuated*, is not mentioned by Johnson. The psychology of the unconscious was not yet invented; Johnson wrote Savage's biography approximately 100 years before Freud's birth.

In his "gay period", Savage published *THE WANDERER*, a moral poem, considered by the author himself as his masterpiece, perhaps referring to an eulogy of woe. The poem was addressed to Lord Tyrconnel, a fact which did not prevent Savage—shortly afterwards—from starting the usual, bitter and masochistic, quarrel with the provider of the 200 pound yearly pension. His Lordship was offended by Savage's habit of drinking "the most expensive wines

with great profusion"—at the Lord's expense in taverns, with selling his benefactor's books, and general impudence. Savage, on the other hand, resented the benefactor's attempt to regulate his life—especially the advice not to spend all nights drinking in taverns—, considered it "as tending to infringe his liberty", and started the usual provocative quarrel.

Since Savage "did not appear to have formed very elevated ideas" of his benefactors, and "as prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was distinguished", he had to bear the fate of being "banished from the table of Lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world", his pension being withdrawn. *The paradoxical fact that Savage, all his mature life striving to get a pension from mother, provokes mercilessly, and thus lets that advantage go, once he achieved his conscious goal, is not explained by Johnson.*

"He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother; and therefore, I believe, about this time published THE BASTARD, a poem remarkable for the vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth, and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents."

Savage's mother, to whom the poem was with "due reverence" incriminated, had some unpleasant moments, but refused to support Savage anew, the Tyrconnel—experiment having failed. Savage "had the satisfaction of finding, that, though he could not reform his mother, he could punish her." Another consolation was offered by the big sale of the poem.

Savage tried next—for a change—something typically masochistic: he applied for the title of England's poet-laureat, which, taking his reputation into consideration, was senseless from the start. Once more, he cashed in on disappointments:

"Mr. Savage, thus disappointed, took a resolution of

applying to the Queen, that, having once given him life, she could enable him to support it, and therefore published a short poem on her birthday, to which he gave the odd title of "Volunteer Laureat."

That strange logic—you rescued me from the gallow, hence you have to support me—was rewarded in "avaricious generosity" with a *yearly pension* ("regular remittance") of *fifty pounds*, the only duty being one birthday poem, once a year. The history of that pension was not without vicissitudes, and usual complaints of being neglected on Savage's part, interwoven in congratulatory eulogies.

That pension, too, though regularly paid for years, did not change Savage's chronic attitude of *playing at the innocently starved child*:

"His conduct with regard to his pension was very peculiar. No sooner had he changed the bill, than he vanished from the sight of all his acquaintances, and lay for some time out of the reach of all the inquiries that friendship or curiosity could make after him; at length he appeared again *penniless as before*, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been; nor was his retreat ever discovered."

Savage's parasitic pension-mania let him apply to Sir Robert Walpole, the Prince, all without success. The latter disappointment—having invested an unsolicited poem—"he never mentioned without indignation."

The same applied to Savage's attempts to restore the family-pension. He treated Lord Tyreconnel—from whom he wanted the money—once more provocatively with utter contempt, hence counteracting his conscious aims:

"Lord Tyreconnel . . . with whom he never appeared to entertain for a moment the thought of soliciting a reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the haughtiness of superiority and all the bitterness of resentment. He wrote to him not in a style of supplication or respect, but of *reproach, menace, and contempt*; and appeared determined, if he ever regained his allowance, to hold it only by the right of conquest."

The classical parasite, having spent regularly his 50 pound pension ("a salary which, though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found sufficient to support families above want") in "his darling privacy", Savage returned regularly "to his former distress, and for some part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanness of his dress excluded him."

Savage unconsciously obviously loved to be excluded even from moderate luxuries: "He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night sometimes in mean houses . . . walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, or in winter . . . among the ashes of a glass house."

He asked people constantly for "small sums", was provocative when helped. It was, however, so Johnson states, a hopeless attempt to supply him with money: "For no sooner did he see himself master of a sum sufficient to set him free from care for a day than he became profuse and luxurious."

Johnson stresses specifically that hardship never depressed Savage; he was always optimistic to find another sucker. The death of the Queen (1737), deprived Savage once more of his pension. He was, however, at that time supported by a friend. "Finally, his friends decided to *"support him by an subscription"*, provided he left London, settling down in Swansea.

As usual, Savage started to upbraid his "subscribers":

"He began very early after his retirement to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions."

Endless conflicts followed. The end of the story was that he landed in prison, as result of a suit of 8 pounds. The plaintiff was—once more—a woman, a Mrs. Read. After some time, Savage was removed to Newgate. In his last six months, spent in prison, he was cheerful, as usual in distress. He even prevented his release:

"It must, however, be observed of one gentlemen that he offered to release him by paying the debt, but that Mr. Savage would not consent, I suppose, because he thought he had before been too burdensome to him."

Undoubtedly a poor excuse and rationalization, knowing Savage's typical sponging attitude. The prison—it seems that it was the same he knew from the time he was under death sentence—, was a perfect masochistic setting. Especially, since Savage found a sucker even there: the warden, who supported him well at his private expenses—in prison.

Savage's defensive aggression, covering deep psychic masochism, was visible also in prison: he threatened the wealthy set in Bristol, which he first out-sponged and out-provoked, with a satire.

Savage died in prison of an unclear "fever", on July 25th, 1743, in the age of 46. Johnson concludes his character-sketch: "*He appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the profits which his writings might have afforded him.*"

* * *

What is the psychology of people who "appear to think themselves born to be supported by others", and therefore "never prosecute any scheme of advantage", as Johnson attests of Savage.

That type of parasites belongs to a specific subgroup of orally regressed neurotics who secondarily rationalize their refusal to work in different ways. If they happen to be, or pretend to be, writers and artists, they claim that the world owes the genius automatically all means of subsistence. Here applies Stendhal's dictum that the greatest injustice done by Fate to the creative artist, consists of not endowing him at birth with an independent income.*

*See my essay on Stendhal in TALLEYRAND-NAPOLEON STENDHAL-GRABBE. Int. Psychoan. Verlag. Vienna. 1935.

Not all orally regressed neurotics are parasites**, and not all parasites claim to be, or actually are, artistically gifted. The parasitic subgroup is encountered outright, without pretenses and rationalizations. The untranslatable word in the Jewish jargon, accepted in many languages, "Schnorrer", is relevant. The psychology of that type—it's a profession—consists in the assumption that not the parasite owes gratitude to the benefactor, quite the opposite, the benefactor to the beneficiary: the latter gives him an opportunity of straightening his accounts with God. The resulting impertinence and ingratitude*** of the receiver of gifts, is the object of a great variety of jokes about the "Schnorrer."

In Savage's case, the late discovery of his descent, gave him a lifelong rationalization. It is remarkable, how well he used that single fact: he convinced himself, his environment, and his biographer. Once more: it makes for a good story, unfortunately, it does not tally with the facts. *Were Savage's aim only to get, he would have cultivated his substitute-benefactors. He did exactly the opposite: he provoked, quarreled, disgusted all of them, to achieve his unconscious masochistic aim—to be refused.* It was, as Johnson naively states, dangerous to help Savage:

"He was compassionate both by nature and principle . . . but when he was *provoked* (and very small offenses were sufficient to provoke him), he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

"*His friendship was therefore of little value; for though he was jealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude, and would betray those secrets which in the warmth of confidence had been im-*

**"Differential Diagnosis Between Accident-Neurosis And Retirement-Neurosis" (in collab. with Dr. O. Knopf) J. of Nerv. and Mental Dis. 1944.

***"Psychopathology Of Ingratitude". Dis. of the Nerv. Syst. 1945.

parted to him. This practice drew upon him the universal accusation of *ingratitude*; nor can it be denied that he was *very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation*; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of *insolence* at one time, and of vanity at another."

Savage was not only of the opinion that he had to be supported by others, the support had to be presented in a specific ceremonial. Johnson says:

"Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or clothes, one of his friends . . . left a message that he desired to see him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to assist him; but was very much disgusted that he should presume to prescribe the hour of his attendance, and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his kindness."

Johnson mentions another typical example:

"Of the insolence that he was obliged to suffer he gave many instances, of which none appeared to raise his indignation to a greater height than the method which was taken of furnishing him with clothes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send a tailor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they (the "subscribers") proposed to send for a tailor to take his measure, and then to consult how they should equip him.—This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as Savage's humanity would have suggested to him on a like occasion; but it had scarcely deserved mention had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon degree, shown the peculiarity of his character. Upon hearing the design that was formed, he came to the lodging of a friend with the most violent agonies of rage; and, being asked what it could be that gave him such disturbance, he replied with the utmost vehemence of indignation: "That they had sent for a tailor to measure him."

A third example, reported by Johnson, is very similar:

"At this time he gave another instance of the insurmountable obstinacy of his spirit: his clothes were worn

out, and he received notice that at a coffee-house some clothes and linen were left for him; the person who sent them did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might spare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit; but though the offer was so far generous, it was made with some neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage so much resented that he refused the present, and declined to enter the house till the clothes that had been designed for him were taken away."

In ordinary life, that attitude is called insolence; psychoanalytically, we know that an unconscious, masochistically-centered, provocation is involved. These people are—as I suggested to call them—"injustice collectors". They run unconsciously not after the wish-to get, but-to be refused. They all live after the principle of the "mechanism of orality", consisting of the following triad:

First, they provoke unconsciously a situation where some representative of the image of the pre-oedipal mother refuses, denies, humiliates.

Secondly, they repress their own initial provocation, see only the meanness of the refuser, and turn against him, in righteous indignation and seemingly in selfdefense, with the greatest aggression.

Thirdly, they revel consciously in selfpity ("This can happen only to me"), and enjoy unconsciously once more psychic masochism.

That triad—described by me in the last 15 years in a long series of publications*—induces in the victim the Ego-strengthening illusion of aggression, covering the dynamically decisive masochistic substructure.

We have—of course—no inkling what Savage's first youth was emotionally like. Johnson states that Savage was given in the care of "a poor woman". No other details are given; no mentioning of the suckling period; it is f. i. quite conceivable that Savage's mother starved the child in

*Summary in "Specific Types Of Resistance In Orally Regressed Neurotics." The Ps. Rev. 1947. No. I.

the first weeks of life, before he was given in the care of the nurse. We don't know whether that nurse was married, lived with a man, had children of her own. Hence we know nothing of Savage's pre-oedipal times, nothing of his Oedipus, nothing of his sibling-rivalry. Hence the only directive is deciphering his infantile neurosis from his later actions in life. To complicate matters, we know nothing of Savage's sex life, except the few hints of Johnson's referring to prostitutes.

Still, clinical experience with oral parasites, gives the possibility of deductions and assumptions. More is not available in Savage's case.

We don't know how the nurse treated the child; here we are confronted only with Johnson's statement that the nurse treated the child like her own son.

Mention is also made of the fact that the grandmother, Lady Mason, "engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and superintend the education of the child." Whether or not, that "supervision" involved personal contact with the boy, is unclear. From the statement that the unsuspecting Savage found only after the nurse's death in her papers proofs of his extraction, one is rather inclined to assume that he had no knowledge of Lady Mason's financial help —if his story is true.

Also another wealthy woman, his godmother, a Mrs. Lloyd, is mentioned "who while she lived always looked upon him with that tenderness which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood." The 300 pounds, left to Savage, were never paid to him. Whether the child ever met Mrs. Lloyd personally, or was acquainted with the bequest, is not clear either.

One has to keep in mind that Johnson repeats what his friend Savage told him. Whether Savage knew these two women as child, is as unclarified, as his statement of the nurse's kindness. It is possible that he exaggerated for the purpose of contrasting mother and nurse. More-

over, unclarified is Savage's claims of complete ignorance of his birth-mystery, till the age of 17.

What we see in Savage's behavior later, allows but one conclusion: he left his early childhood afflicted with a severe neurosis of oral regression.

Amusingly enough, one of the latest half-biographers of Johnson, Louis Kronenberger, believes that Johnson was taken in by Savage: "he swallowed not only Savage's claim to be the illegitimate son of a noblewoman, but also his claims to be a poet."* There is no reason to doubt that Savage was the illegitimate child of the Countess of Macclefield: there were the acts of parliament, granting the divorce, and, more important, there was the successful extortion. Such people don't part from money without good reason. Moreover, the literature trying to prove that Savage was an impostor, is highly inconclusive.

There is, however, every reason to doubt Kronenberger's statement that "The Life Of Savage" is the "story of a rascal" and a "classic study of disreputableness." That *epitheton dis-ornans* is but a proof into what dead-ends descriptive biography railroads itself, if it refuses to apply, or is ignorant of, psychologic-psychoanalytic knowledge.

Paradoxically, one could call Savage an *impostor with a true story*. He shows all the typical psychopathic trends characteristic of the impostor.**

The decisive fact in Savage's life is the incorrigibility of his fixed idea: that the world—basically, the mother, as he openly admits—owes him a comfortable living. For that aim he fights with all covering pseudo-aggression at his disposal. Behind this wish to get, is hidden the masochistic wish to be-refused. Intrapsychically, Savage takes the blame for the lesser crime. Therefore, all "providers", be it women (nurse, Mrs. Oldfield, Queen, Countess Hertford), or men (Sir Richard, Wilks, Lord Tyrconnell, A. Pope,

*Introduction to THE PORTABLE JOHNSON AND BOSWELL, p. 34/35. Viking. 1947.

**See "Psychopathology Of Impostors". J. of Criminal Psychopath. 1945.

and many others), don't change his settled course. More, the giver must be changed into the refuser to conform with the fantasy of being refused—hence he provokes and alienates all of them. Even the not too astute Johnson classifies his behavior as provocation.

In the same direction points another technique of Savage, analytically known as "*magic gesture*". Twice Savage not only forgives women who brought him on the gallow and into prison, respectively; in the first instance he even provides the woman with money.

As mentioned before, Savage was condemned to death on the testimony of two disreputable women. To quote Johnson:

"Some time after he obtained his liberty, he met in the street the woman that had sworn with so much malignancy against him. She informed him that she was in distress, and, with a degree of confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her misery, and taking pleasure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury; and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.—This is an action which in some ages would have made a *saint*, and perhaps in others a *hero* . . ."

The second instance refers to Mrs. Read, the woman who brought him into prison for the last six months of his life. In a letter, addressed to a gentleman, not named by Johnson, Savage writes:

"Furthermore, I charge you, if you value my friendship as truly as I do yours, not to utter, or even harbour, the least resentment against Mrs. Read. I believe she has ruined me, but I freely forgive her; and (though I will never more have any intimacy with her) I would, at a due distance, rather do her an act of good than ill will."

"Magic gestures" have little to do with being a "saint or a hero", as Johnson assumes. It is an unconscious technique of psychic masochists who express their complaints in dramatizing the superficial defense: "I show you how I

wanted to be treated—kindly.” Behind that palimpsest, the deeper repressed layer is hidden: “Look, bad mother, how cruel *you* were.”*

Savage’s chronic and very successful attempt to railroad himself into the position of the starved child, accounted also for his being a spendthrift. That, and not “volatile money”, as Johnson assumes, was the deeper reason why it was a hopeless undertaking to provide Savage with money.

Ironically, one could ask what would have happened if Savage would have achieved a reconciliation with his pathologic mother, or inherited her money. The chances are that he would have squandered the fortune, to be poor again. He would even, very likely, started conflicts with executors, lawyers, relatives. Reality factors influence a psychic masochist of that magnitude very little: he uses reality as tool for his unconscious aims. The old joke is pertinent: a man complains in a train loudly and whiningly of intestinal cramps, is relieved by a medicine provided by a passenger, only to start his whining shortly afterwards; asked whether the pain returned, he answers: “No, but I’m complaining in recollection of pains I just suffered.”

Savage’s masochistic attachment to suffering, explains also the “cheerfulness” with which he endured death-sentence, poverty, humiliation, second prison term. Having achieved their unconscious aim, psychic masochists spend their time in complaining about their self provoked enemies, selfcommiseration, and logically inexplainable-cheerfulness.

The covering cloak for the dynamically propelling self-created and selfenjoyed unhappiness of these sick people, is “aggression” and “pride.” The aggression is but pseudo-aggression,** the pride consumed in *self*-created defeats.

These neurotics remind one of a person standing before a candy store, looking with hungry eyes at the display of candies. They have money in their pocket, and could afford

*“The Problem Of ‘Magic Gestures’” *The Psychiatric Quarterly* 1945.

**“Differential Diagnosis Between Normal And Neurotic Aggression”. *Quart. Review of Psychiatry and Neurology*. 1946. I. I.

to buy some of the wonderful candy. They don't; they act the child refused candy. They run unconsciously after the fantasy: Bad mother denies. What they don't know is that they create the repetition of imaginary wrongs themselves—and enjoy it to boot.

Savage's unconscious aim to be the victimized starved child, goes so far that even in his occasional profession—if one cares to call his writing a profession; it was rather a hobby, his real profession being a psychic masochist—he never took up the pen without the masochistic aim. The only exceptions are his early attempts at comedy and tragedy, mostly in the late teens. All his later writing, if any, was subordinated to "revenge" or asking favors. Whether or not Savage was a real poet, is a problem belonging into the sphere of professional criticism; psychologically, one would rather doubt it. The only element pointing in this direction, is the fact that by changing his masochistic aim into aggression (f. i. *THE BASTARD*), Savage uses a mechanism described as typical for artists by Hanns Sachs: seeking applause—means diminution of guilt.* That element pointing into the direction of Savage's being a writer, is counteracted by the fact that he used the same mechanism in real life, too. It is more likely that his inner guilt pertained to the accusation of psychic masochism, which he unsuccessfully tried to ward off with pseudo-aggression**.

Another problem, connected with Savage's attitude, is worth mentioning: why does the masochistic parasite always find suckers? The reason has, in my opinion, little to do with pity and commiseration. It is rather an intuitive knowledge of the portion of psychic masochism which every human being harbors. Confronted with an exaggerated example, the majority reacts with anger or cold rejection.

**Gemeinsame Tagtraeume*". Int. Psychoan. Verlag. Vienna 1928.

**For the psychology of writers, see also: "On a clinical Approach to the PsAN of Writers" *Psa. Rev.* 1944 and "PsAN of Writers and Literary Productivity", in "PsAN. and the Social Sciences" (ed. Dr. Roheim). Int. Univ. Press. N.Y. 1947.

Few react with consternation and a half-open purse. Both the rejectors and contributors, use the technique of unconscious dissociation: "I'm not like that."

* * *

Savage's life story is clinically important because, observed by an exceptionally benevolent observer, as Johnson was in the exceptional case of Savage, it contributes to the controversial issue as to what the unconscious aim of orally regressed neurotics really is. The dichotomy of opinions: I want to get—I want to be refused, is still unsettled. In a long series of papers and books, I tried to prove that a precise distinction should be made in oral neurotics between the *historic-genetic development* and the *clinical picture*.

The *historic-genetic development* starts with the libidinous wish to get; that wish is "frustrated" even in the most careful cultural setting, because the child lives on the basis of magic misconceptions of reality—it considers itself omnipotent (Freud, Ferenczi). Hence even small delays and, later, the unavoidable trauma of weaning, causes fury in the child. That aggression is, in unfavorable cases, libidized, leading to the beginning of psychic masochism. The sequence is: libidinous wish—alleged frustration—aggression—turning of aggression against the child (partly because of motoric helplessness, later guilt), libidization of guilt.

In latter cases, the masochistic pattern becomes decisive in the *clinical picture*. These neurotics repeat unconsciously later in life the fantasy: Bad mother refuses.

The paradoxical fact results that though "I want to get", started in the *historic* development the conflict, the identical tendency is used later, in the *clinical picture*, as defense. Hence the superficial layer of parasitism is not identical with the original wish.*

*This fact is easily ascertained: were the wish to get decisive, psychic masochists would create for themselves situations reversing the original—real or fantasied—deprivations. They don't. They run after the disappointment.

Savage's case seems to me a classical example for that statement.

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ARTISTIC EXPRESSION AND NEUROTIC ILLNESS

I.

THE RESPIRATORY NEUROSIS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

"THE WATER BABIES" and "ANTON LOCKE'S" DREAM

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Twenty eight years ago, I visited a friend who had a two-year old boy. When I arrived, my friend was just about to tell the child a story and I asked him not to disappoint the child because of my visit. My friend began with an improvised story. Once upon a time there lived a little boy, Julius, on the bottom of a pond, together with frogs, toads and little fish, and he was very happy there. Then my friend pictured the happy life the boy had, having all these inhabitants of the pond as his friends. When he was through, we went to another room and there I asked my friend what inspired him to present this water story. He looked somewhat perplexed and then said, laughingly—"Maybe because I have my spring hay fever or a cold," and we both laughed.

Some years later, I treated the first patient with asthma and hay fever analytically and I was impressed with the great role fluid and water played in the dreams and fantasies of the life of this patient, and that these fantasies expressed the infantile ideas of being born in water and the wish of giving birth to a baby. In the meantime, we learned much more about the meaning of the symptoms of the different respiratory neuroses like stammering, hayfever and asthma. We learned that such patients use the respiratory tract as an organ for expression to revive old fantasies especially those of impregnation and childbearing. To them, the concept of sexuality and procreation remains unconsciously

at a primitive level. The upper respiratory tract serves not only for breathing, but all the symbolic sexual significance centering particularly around ideas of procreation. A rather characteristic personality pattern results. In the breathing activity, hostilities and aggression against family members as well as the great need for love from them becomes expressed. They remain strongly attached to their mother repressing their hostility. After their rebellion in childhood broke down, they expressed their conflicting feelings in the respiratory tract. The fathers of those patients were usually passive, inefficient men, the mothers domineering persons. Depending on the quantity of guilt and anxiety associated with those tendencies and fantasies, the symptoms may have a more or less severe character and the need for expiation, atonement, cleaning and purification may become very great and may create a personality pattern of over-conscientiousness, cleanliness, devout religiosity, etc.

Ten years ago, I analyzed another patient with respiratory neurosis. In the course of the treatment, he mentioned time and again a story called "The Water Babies" which was at that time not familiar to me. I was reminded of the story of my friend with hay fever, and I became suspicious, or I would almost say convinced, that only a man who himself suffered from such a neurosis could have written this amazing fairy tale story.

"In order to achieve a better understanding of the connection between artist and neurosis, one must investigate the nature of the artist's instincts and psychic structure. On this basis, the urge to artistic production as well as the dangers of neurotic illness might be explained." (Lowenstein) (1)

In the *biography* of Charles Kingsley, written by Margaret Farand Thorn, (11) I found that he suffered from a respiratory neurosis (stammering) and a kind of respiratory disturbance which we would today call asthma; furthermore, that he had most of the characteristic personality traits of those patients. In 1938, I wrote to the biographer and asked her where I could find more data about his illness. In her

answer, she stated that so far as she was aware, there was no complete description of Charles Kingsley's illness. She wrote "I have been through the greater part of the extant family papers, and there is nothing of the kind among them. However, in Mrs. Kingsley's memoirs—Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Life—edited by her, are a good many references to his illnesses and the most detailed of these is a letter of Kingsley's to John Bullar, dated June 27, 1857, in which he states—"Your theory of speaking is all true; my defect was the same as your friends, but mine came on from an under jaw contracted by calomel and nerves especially those of the os hyoides, etc. ruined by croup and brain fever in childhood. That prevented my opening of my mouth. That gave me the wrong use of the diaphragm muscles until I got to speak inspiring, and never to fully inflate my lungs, and that brought on the last and worst spasms of the tongue. All the while, I could speak not only plain but stentorially while boxing, rowing, hunting, skating or doing anything which compelled these inspirations." This information encouraged me to go through Kingsley's writing edited by his wife. From this, I collected the following important facts. Charles' father was a man of cultivation and refinement, a good linguist, an artist, a sportsman, and natural historian. "He had been brought up with the expectations of a country gentleman but, having been left an orphan early in life, his fortune was squandered for him during his minority. He soon spent was was left and, at the age of 30, was obliged for the first time to think of a profession. Being too old for the Army, he decided on the church. He sold his hunters and land and, with a young wife, went for a second time to college, and read for holy orders at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was a curate of Holne, when his son was born."

Charles' mother was a remarkable woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm, who believed that all impressions made on her own mind before the birth of the child would be transmitted to him, and every sight and sound she wrote would be dear to her child in after life. These hopes were realized as she thought. Her little son left his birthplace when he

was 6 weeks old, and never saw his birthplace again until he was a man of 30. In spite of that, he himself wrote—"I firmly believe in the magnetic effect of the place where one has been bred and have continually the proof of a kind of homesickness, that thought of the *wet* country will make me burst into tears at any moment; wherever I am, it always hangs before my imagination at home, and I feel myself a stranger in a foreign land the moment I get free of my home. It may be fancy, but it is most real and practical, as many fancies are." He thought that all his talents were altogether hereditary. He writes, "My *father* was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My *mother*, on the contrary, had quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, and combined with it my father's passion for knowledge and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl." That describes beautifully the personalities of his parents. On one occasion when ill of brain fever, which Kingsley had very often, he was moved into his room and, for years afterwards, his imagination was answered by the real type of sounds associated with that time in his memory. To this he attributed his strong disbelief in the existence of ghosts, and in later years he told his children he had heard too many ghosts that respect themselves. He was a precocious child, and his poems and sermons date from 4 years old. His delight was to make a little pulpit in his nursery, from which after arranging the chairs for an imaginary congregation and putting on his pinafore as a surplice, he would deliver addresses of a rather severe tone on theology. His mother, unknown to him, took them down at that time. In those sermons spoken when 4 years old, he says among other things—"It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing, nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good, and if we rebel against God, we will to a certainty be cast into Hell." We see here already the little boy's *fear of aggression*, and his *fear to obtain his security through fighting*. In his poems of that time, his feeling of guilt is much more strongly expressed.

"Life is, and soon will pass," he recites. "As life is gone, that will come. We must die. It is not false that we must rise again. Death has its fatal sting. It brings us to the grave. Life and death is and must be." That explains why he was a very nervous and painfully sensitive child who had brain fever twice before he was 16, and was subject to dangerous attacks of croup; he was always remarkable for his thirst for knowledge and love of difficult science. A friend of his describes him as an affectionate boy, gentle and fond of quiet, glad to leave the boys' school room, and take refuge with the books. He was a passionate lover of natural history and only excited to *vehement anger when the housemaid swept away as rubbish some of the treasures he collected in his room. Orderliness and cleanliness became his character habits.* It was his own conviction that nothing but a public school education would have overcome his constitutional shyness, a shyness which he never lost and which was naturally increased by the hesitation of his speech. "That fearful curse of stammering" as he calls it "is pressed in my memory since my childhood." He often wished, as he entered a room or spoke in public or private, that the earth would open and swallow him up there and then.

He was not popular as a school boy. He knew too much and his mind was generally on a higher level than the others. It was remarkable how well he bore pain. On one occasion having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cautery. He heated the poker red hot in the school room fire, and calmly applied it 2 or 3 times until he was satisfied that his object was attained. Since his earliest years, he was full of religious doubts. The conflict between faith and disbelief, and between hope and fears, was so fierce and bitter that when he returned in his twenties to Cambridge, he became reckless and early gave up all for lost. "He lost interest in reading, went in for excitement of every kind, boating, hunting, driving, dancing, boxing anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past which just then promised no future." In this crisis of his adolescence, the

pendulum swung to passion and lust. More than once he had merely resolved if his earthly hopes were crushed to go out to the *far west to live as a wild prairie hunter*. He himself writes—"In my early life, I wandered through many doubts in vain attempt to explain to myself the riddle of life in this world, until I found that no explanation was so complete than the one which one had learned at one's mother's knee." In his autobiographical confessions, in the dream chapter in "Anton Locke", he says that his greatest characteristic was a sensation of utter loneliness, complete detachment from every other being in a cold, passionateless universe. He complained—"I am sickened and enraged to see silly women blown about with every wind, falling in love with the preacher instead of the sermon, and with the sermon instead of the Bible." The crisis came to a climax. At 19, he became extremely unhappy and bewildered. He talks of his animal passions, as if he thought that this was something to be ashamed of. He was moved and exalted by beauty in art and in women, and he was uncertain whether these theories should be regarded as bad as the devil. He speaks of himself at that time as wicked, that love had become to him practically tabooed, and carnal. "What was to be expected," he writes seemingly of himself, "if woman's beauty had nothing holy in it, why this fondness for it? Just what happens every day, that he had to sow his wild oats for himself, and eat the fruit thereof and the dirt thereof also." As a result, when he was 20, he changed completely. He found the key, as he said, the answer to all his riddles, the peace of which he dreamed. The conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, became so bitter that for a time he became reckless and he nearly gave up all for lost. And then, he wrote "love saved me." He met his later wife. "Is marriage less honorable than virginity," he asks, "are the duties, the relations, the daily fruit of men of earth or heaven, nature or a foul back to our spirits?" He answered that by completely reforming his outward actions. He started to read 7 to 8 hours a day, gave up hunting and driving, and made a solemn vow against

cards. He writes to his fiancée—"Saved, saved from the wild tribe, and I think tempered of skepticism and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rational vanity had buried me before I knew you." Charles' mother supported him during his trial. His fiancée had to endure the family opposition, but was finally able to bring about the permission for marriage.

He listened to her in all questions of morality, of faith of feeling, not as a lover but rather as a baby to its mother. She was the mother whom he could allow himself to love with carnal passion but only after having cleansed his mind from the incestuous thoughts toward his own mother by becoming a preacher. For many years, his writing was all done by his wife from his dictation while he paced up and down the room. She was several years older than he and really was more a mother figure to him. But he could never fully accept his sexuality. "Is marriage less honorable than virginity," he asked, "is nature a holy type or a foul prison to our spirits?" They had four children, but he always suffered with his wife when she was in labor. He wrote—"It is a real delight to my faith, as well as to my pity, to know that suffering of childbirth can be avoided. It is the one thing which I hate and curse as the deepest paradox and puzzle on earth, and when it is proved to me that man can, by obeying nature, conquer her, in that also I am confident. The popular superstition that it is the consequence of the fall, I can only but smile at." He wrote, "I look back upon earlier years with longing upon a sort of Eden, and I have lost my first love." This first love was and remained that to mother. He was never reconciled with the loss. "I suppose it is a dream; I suppose if I tried my life over again with my present experience, I should be ashamed of my vanity, my reckless laying down the law and fault finding, my conceited dream that I knew everybody's business better than they themselves did. And yet, I have not lost such vanity. Often it seems ready to take favor in more childish forms than ever, of which I am ashamed to speak, and meanwhile I have lost the good side

of my other fault, my hatred of evil, my longing to make everything I came near fulfill itself in its vocation. Only I do not fear that ultimately I shall be content with being an artist." He saved himself through religion and, having become a preacher, he tried to help others and devoted his whole life to be of help to the poor. He fought against drunkenness; he helped to raise money for public baths and wash houses. It is amazing how he found in this way a sublimation for his need for purification.

He felt always most happy when he could write poems or stories. "There is nothing to denying it," he wrote, "I can feel a different being when I get into metre; I feel like an otter in the water instead of an otter ashore." His old experiences of having seen people drowned as a child got poetic form in his autobiographic book "Anton Locke", in which he writes of a girl bringing her father's cattle home across the sands and being caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and found next day as a corpse hanging among the fish nets far below. The story of that drowned girl shapes itself into a song. "Art against drunkenness," he wrote—"when I tried to work, and yet could not, I had over and above a nasty craving for alcohol, for more wine than I have usually found necessary to digest my food. Since I have left my brain alone, that craving is going down."

The stammer was the great handicap and sorrow of his life. He wrote—"I think stammering is as bad as g-g-g-getting drunk." It was a fact that the stammer vanished in the pulpit, on the lecture platform or in the saddle, when he felt his lungs full of air. He went to a well-known specialist for stammering, to whom he was very devoted, and with whom he spent two weeks, and who taught him to control his lips, tongue, jaw and breath. He wrote that he left him cured: "I don't say I have not hesitated since, and too often when I am amused and begin to speak fast it comes again, but I can always instantly stop it, while the stammering is absolutely gone." At another time, he wrote: "As for stammering, I have seldom known a worse case than my own. I believe it to be perfectly curable by

the most simple and truly scientific rules if persevered in. The great obstacles to cure are (1) youth which prevents attention and force of will; (2) in after life, nervous debility of any kind. But with the cure of stammering, nervous debility decreases, owing to the more regular respiration and therefore more perfect oxygenation of the blood, and so the health improves with the speech. Try a simple experiment. It is an old and notorious method. Before beginning to speak, take two or three deep breaths and always breathe at a stop so as to prevent doing what all old stammerers do, speaking with an empty lung. Take a pair of very light dumb bells, and exercise your chest with them, taking care to inspire deeply when you raise them over your head. Consequently, the ribs are raised, and the lungs expanded. Do this slowly and quietly and I think you will find, though it will not cure you, yet it will release and literally comfort your breathing enough to give you confidence in my hints." "I would be as great a talker as any man in England, but for my stammering." "A curse hangs over me," he complained another time.

"You must know," he wrote to a friend, "that I am a very shy man. Shyness and vanity always go together. If when a man's first thought is not whether a thing is right or wrong, but what will Lady A or Mr. C say about it depends on it, he wants a thorn in the flesh like my stammer. When I am speaking of God in the pulpit or praying by my bedside, I have never stammered." In other words, Kingsley wanted to say: "if somebody pretends to be what he is not, but what he would like to be, he stumbles continually."

Although he was already 41 years old when his father died, he wrote "This awful feeling of having the roots which connect one with the last generation seemingly torn up and having to say, 'Now *I* am the root, *I* stand self-supported with no older stature to rest on'. Then one must believe that we are no more isolated and self-supported than when we were children on our mother's bosom." That was the place where Kingsley always longed to return as it will be shown later.

Cleaning the soul as cleaning the body, purification was the most outstanding incentive in his life. It is remarkable that the year before he began to write "The Water Babies" there was a very wet summer. The rain fell almost incessantly for three months. The farmers were frightened, and the clergy all over the country began to use prayer against the incessant waterfall. But Kingsley did not do that. He rationalized that "this rain was a gift from God at that particular moment, to ward off the cholera and to ward off this enemy by cleansing, spraying, sweeping away refuse, and giving the poor and abandoned free clear water." All this he explained to his own people, by preaching a sermon which was published under the title of "Why Should we Pray for Fair Weather?", of which he thus speaks: "How do we know that in praying to God to take away these rains, we are not asking him to send the cholera in the years to come? I am of the opinion that we are. I think we thought all along that one or two more dry summers keeping the springs at their late low level would have inevitably brought back the cholera, or some other kind of pestilence. But even if that particular guess be wrong, this I believe and this I will preach that every drop of rain which is falling now is likely to be not a plague as a punishment, but a blessing and a boon."

The next spring, his wife reminded him of an old promise. "Rose, Maurice and Mary have got their book, and the baby—that is, the youngest boy,—must have his." He gave no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, as his wife writes in his memoirs, locking the doors. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of "The Water Babies" written without interruption seemingly conceived a long time ago.

He wrote to his friend, Mr. Maurice—"When you read the book, I hope you will see that I have not been idling my time away. I have tried in all sorts of queer ways to make children and grown folk to understand the quite miraculous and divine element underlying all physical nature, and nobody knows anything about anything in the sense in which

they may know right and wrong, and if I have wrapped up my parable in seeming Tom Fooleries, it is because so only would I get the pill swallowed by a generation who are not believing with anything like their whole heart in the Living God. Meanwhile, remember that the physical science in the book is not nonsense, but actual earnest, as far as I dare speak yet."

These biographical data illustrate and picture very clearly the personality pattern of a man with a respiratory neurosis.

It is worthwhile to follow up this pattern in the story of "*The Water Babies*." The story begins with a little chimney sweep whose name was Tom. There were plenty of chimneys to sweep. He never washed, because there was no water where he lived. *It is interesting that there should appear a boy, and nothing should be said and will be said about a mother or a father, as if he would not have been born in the natural way.* Now Tom was never taught to say his prayers. He cried half the time and laughed the other half. He was always hungry, and always beaten. He waited for the time when he would be a man, and a master sweep, with a pipe in his mouth, like a king and would have beer as much as he wanted. But his master sweep, Mr. Grimes, did not let him really act out these day dreams. Mr. Grimes himself is the grown-up edition of the dirty little boy, and it was the daydream of little Tom, to become a big chimney sweep like Mr. Grimes.* Once Mr. Grimes was called by a groom sent by the owner of the castle to sweep a chimney there. The groom was, of course, neat and clean, and with a clean hat with a snow-white tie. *The infantile idea of dirty and white, as wrong and right was here expressed in the introduction of the story. The need of cleaning and washing to purify the sins is already apparent.* On the way to the castle, they met a poor, Irish woman, tall and handsome, with heavy black hair. She tells Tom that she lives at the sea and tells stories about it, and Tom longs to bathe in it.

*"Grime" means dirt or foul.

Then they came to a spring, and a great fountain and to a great stream.—*Already water begins to surround Tom.* Mr. Grimes began to wash himself in the stream, not for cleanliness, but for coolness, he did not let Tom wash himself, but beat him up, whereupon the Irish woman said—"Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be, and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be," and she disappeared.—*This is the beginning of the tragic act which will lead finally to cleaning Tom of his sins in water.* Then Tom and Mr. Grimes arrived at this castle, where Tom began to sweep and Mr. Grimes began to drink. Then Tom came through a chimney into a room which was all dressed in white... There was a washing stand and a large bathtub full of clean water, and under the snow white coverlet upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful girl, and Tom asked himself whether all people looked like that when they are washed. Then for the first time in life, he found that he was dirty. He began to cry, whereupon the girl awakened and screamed. People came and Tom crawled back into the chimney and ran away. The whole household was shaken because they thought he was a thief. He ran miles for his life with nobody to help him.

He did not remember ever having had a father who would have helped him. That implies that Tom came from somewhere to this world without a father.—The only one who saw which way Tom ran was the Irish woman—the mother figure. And he escaped. Then he came to the river which sang invitingly: clear and cool, clear and cool, by laughing shallow and dreaming pool, undefiled for the undefiled. Lay by me, lay by me, mother and child." The Irish woman followed him.—*Here, the idea of rebirth is already expressed, the old Baptist idea that by being put into the water after the sins have been committed, someone can be cleansed of his sins and sinful wishes. In his autobiographical story "Anton Locke", he let his mother and himself be reborn by being rebaptized. "Though we had both been christened during my father's lifetime, she purposed to have us re-*

baptized, if ever that happened—which in her sense of the word, never happened, I am afraid to say."

"Tom ran and ran and he felt chilly all over, and in his head, he heard church bells ringing. He thought he could not go on, and felt he was beaten. But finally he reached a house where an old woman offered him milk when he asked for water and he drank it. He fell asleep and dreamed that the little white girl cried—"Go and be washed." And the Irish woman was saying—"Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be;" and he heard himself saying "I must be clean; I will be a fish; I will swim in the water." He took off his clothes and went into the water but, before him, the Irish woman had already stepped into the water, and the fairies came whose queen she was, and to whom she said—"I brought you a new little brother, but he must not see you, and you must not play with him, but keep him from being harmed." *Here we meet the idea that the woman delivered a little baby not out of the water but into the water, and that there is no need of a man who could have been instrumental in the birth of this baby.* When Tom awakened, he found himself in the water, and had around the parotid region of his fauces a set of external gills like those of a sucking eft. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water baby. *Kingsley scientifically had Tom equipped with the breathing apparatus of a fish.* In the fantasies of some neurotics, exist similar ideas how a baby can breathe while it is in the water in the mother's body. B. Lewin (13) mentions in his paper on "claustrophobia" the fantasy of his patient that the baby lies in the body submerged in water. When the mother urinates, the water is partly drained off, and its level sinks. The baby's head floats at the top like the valve floats in an old-fashioned water closet tank. The water-closet tank refills, the baby's head comes up as it were for air, the baby inhales, and as in the tank the water gradually rises and immerses the head again completely.

Then Kingsley starts to argue in the fairy tale:—"no one has a right to say that no water babies exist until they

have seen no water babies existing. This is quite a different thing from not seeing water babies, and if a professor says water babies are contrary to nature, we can answer that the wisest man knows only the very smallest corner. The wiser men are, the less they talk about cannot. There are land babies, then why should not water babies exist? And if a water animal can change into a land animal, why should not a land animal change into a water animal? And if somebody says that if there are water babies, they must grow into water men, ask him how he knows that they do not? Tell him that if there are not water babies, at least there ought to be, and that at least he cannot answer." Tom was quite alive and clean, because the fairies had washed him out of the shell, and he swam away. All the other people, of course, thought that he was dead, while he was only amphibious, that is compounded only of fish and beast. —*To be purified of the sins and incestious wishes, all the memories of the past had to disappear. Everything had to be forgotten and abandoned.* —Tom did not even remember ever having been dirty, had forgotten all bad words. "That is no strange," Kingsley writes, "for, when you came into this world and became a land baby, you remember nothing, so why should Tom, when he became a water baby? How do you know that you have not lived before? Who can tell you? You can only tell by remembering and instead of then fancying with some people that your body makes your soul, you should believe that your soul makes your body, just as a snail makes his shell." *With this denial of reality, Kingsley paved the way for the new-born Tom's future in the outer life.* Tom was happy. He watched the caddisses eating dead sticks. One, a she, found a long straw and said—"My sister has a tail, and I will have one too." After that, tails became the fashion among the female caddisses.—*In this way, Kingsley levels out the difference between the different sexes, expressing the infantile fantasy that girls have had or can have tails too.* Tom met different water animals, the water monkeys and water squirrels who had

six legs because almost everything had six legs in the water, except water babies.

Tom, of course, has to commit bad things again, but since he is in the water, all the sins can be washed off.

So Tom picked and hooked the poor water things because they did not want to play with him. He was ashamed of himself. He became sulky and lonely.—Then he met the dragon fly who cried—that he wanted to split, because all his brothers and sisters had split and had turned into beautiful creatures. He split and a new creature came out of him and flew away out of the water, and said he would have a beautiful wife like himself. Tom longed to change his skin too and to have wings.—*Here appears the fantasy of cryptogenetic procreation, i. e. there is no need of a father and mother because in splitting a new creature can be born.*—Then he met a fly which sat on his knee and jumped clean out of his own skin, and left it standing on Tom's knee; eyes, wings, tail, legs exactly as if it had been alive proving that it is possible to become continually reborn. Then Tom met the otter, the representation of the *bad man who behaved very superior* and selfish and called Tom an elf. *Kingsley spoke of himself as an otter on land "when he got into metre" i. e. writing stories.* Tom said—"I am not an elf. Elfs have tails." And the otter boasted—"The otters are the lords of the fish. Otters can kill the salmon, but there are men who kill the otters." *The otters are the incarnation of the aggression, the salmon those of the passivity. Thus in this way Kingsley expressed the fight between men and the competition among them, all that which he always lived to avoid as he wrote of himself and of what he was afraid.*—

Tom went out into the salmon's river because he wanted to see the world. He met a salmon, a true gentleman, who loved his wife, was true to her, took care of her, worked for her and fought for her. Tom became his friend. The salmon disliked, of course, the trout because they eat their children and hate them, as only those do who belong to the same race. Tom warned the salmon of the wicked old otter before he went into the sea. And just when he left, the salmon was

spearred right through, and on the shore. Men began to fight who should get the salmon. One man fell into the water and did not move any more. Tom thought that the water made him fall asleep, and he might turn into a water baby but, of course, a nasty one. Tom did not know that the fairies had carried the man away, and put him where he actually had to be. "When a man becomes a confirmed poacher, the only way to cure him is to put him under water for 24 hours," Kingsley writes.—But Tom was afraid of being caught by men and being turned into a chimney sweep once more so he went quickly on his journey. *In doing so, he had to choose whether to remain a child or be a man*, because he could not stay in between, being neither a boy or a man, having learned a great deal too much and yet not enough i. e. how babies are born. Tom looked. If he could only see the water babies, but he could not. Kingsley argues: *Even little babies like Tom cannot have all they want without waiting and working for it too. Kingsley expresses here the unconscious wish of children of having a baby and their impatience in having to wait before they can have one.*—

Tom went into the sea and he saw seals and sandfish and sea snails and porpoises and sharks, all the different fish representing different incarnations of human beings. Finally, he found a play fellow, not a water baby but a very distinguished lobster with big claws. He was a conceited fellow. Once when Tom sat with the lobster at the shore, the little white girl Ellie came with the professor who taught her about the sea fauna, "teaching her not to know one thing and to know it well, but to know a little about everything, and to know it all well." She said to the professor "I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids and merman and babies flying around." The professor said—"no man was forced to believe anything to be true but what he could see, hear, taste or handle. Therefore there are no water babies." But Ellie started to throw out a net, and really she caught little Tom and saw that there was a baby.—*It is the girl who can see earlier the water babies, or a baby, than a boy.*—But the professor

called it "water fiddlesticks" and gave it a scientific name. When he wanted to touch it, Tom jumped into the water again. The girl tried to catch him, slipped, fell, hit her head on a sharp rock, became unconscious and the professor could not awaken her. He brought her to bed where she began to cry that she wanted the water baby. The fairies came, brought her wings, and she flew out of the window. But the professor felt so sorry that he fell sick, and screamed and cried all day himself for a water baby. The great professor eased his mind by writing a great book exactly contrary to all his old opinions in which he proved that babies live in the moon and in an atmosphere where they can never catch the whooping cough. Then he had to admit if they do not have whooping cough and no colds, there cannot be babies at all and, therefore, there are no babies in the moon. *The idea of procreation through the lungs, giving birth to the baby by coughing it up, is here ridiculed. However, those infantile ideas are characteristic for patients with respiratory neurosis.*—Tom thought of little Ellie. He knew now that she was a little girl. *Knowing the difference between boys and girls and longing for the girl, the fears of such wishes frightened him. What might happen to a boy who has those wishes? It is answered as follows:* Tom looked up at his friend, the lobster, and found him caught in a trap. Tom tried to help him out. But there came the otter, saw Tom and wanted to get him. Then the lobster caught her at the nose and squeezed her until she was dead. But the lobster lost one claw himself. *The infantile idea reappears of being punished by having something cut off which, in this instance is the nose. Kingsley let the cruel otter die who wanted to kill him. In one of his autobiographical notes, he called himself once an otter. The otter, as it becomes apparent, is a female, who, in the fight with the lobster loses her nose and is killed, but the lobster, the male, sacrifices his claw also. Men fight and try to cut off parts of themselves. A man saw the lobster and wanted to catch him but the lobster caught him by the finger and the man almost drowned and wished to cut off his own finger and to*

sacrifice it saving its life. All that Tom had to know i. e. what dangers are involved in the fight among the sexes. There are cruel women who want to take away from boys and from men what they themselves do not have. Only after they are killed, can the infantile wish to have a baby be met. Only then Tom was able to see a real live water baby, of course, a female one and he was not afraid to hug and kiss her like a loving mother. He knew he had seen her before but he'd always thought it was a sea shell, and never took it for a water baby. Kingsley raised the question—"Why could Tom never find a water baby until after he had got the lobster out of the pot?" and he answered it by: "It is not good for little boys to be told everything." Thus he admits the symbolic meaning of the lobster and that of the fight between the woman otter and the male lobster. But now Tom's eyes and ears were opened, and he was able to see all the other thousands of water babies. But since Tom, in order to become a clean man, had to live through in the water all the sins from which he had to be purified to be safe for the rest of his life, he had to commit many naughty tricks.

We see him tickling the madrepores and frightening the crabs. The babies warned him Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did was coming but he did not listen. She came with a hooked nose, and a birch rod under her arms. She gave the other babies all sorts of nice sweet things, but in Tom's mouth she popped a nasty, cold, hard pebble and she said—"As you did to them, so I want to do to you. You have told me what you have done wrong without knowing it, and you can't hide anything from me. If you do not know that things are wrong, that is no reason why you should not be punished for them. I cannot help punishing people when they do wrong. I shall go forever and forever for I am old as eternity." Here, the infantile idea that mother knows everything and mother is the punishing agent is expressed as if the conscience were built up only from mother identification. But moreover, that this kind of mother is a loving mother and is not punishing because she wants to but only because the boy has wishes in his mind which he should not have and,

therefore, mother has to punish as long as the boy takes her as an incestuous love object or does other forbidden things.

"I shall be mean," she says, "until the people behave themselves as they ought to do. Then I shall grow as handsome as my sister. Her name is *Do-as-you-would-be-done by*. She punishes not only the children but the grown ups too who mistreat children. I come every Friday and call up all who have ill-used children." And she called the doctors, who give little children too much physic, then the careless nursery maids, and the cruel school masters." "She boxed their ears and thumped them over the head with rulers, and she birched them all around with the great birch rod." She punished them because they were stupid, and until they became patient. *The guilt has to be divided because not only the little children are guilty, but the grown-ups are guilty too.* On Sunday came Mrs. *Do-as-you-will-be-done-by* who is the incarnation of the mother who knows only love and who had not to punish — and asked Tom — "Who are you?" and the babies around him pulled their thumbs out of their mouths and cried "That is a new baby; he never had any mother." She took Tom in her arms, and Tom loved her until he fell asleep from pure love, and when he woke, the lady was nursing him still. Before she went, she promised to cuddle him again if he remained a good boy. *Herein the fantasy of being forever united with the loving mother is fulfilled, enjoying love without guilt on the oral level.* — Tom felt wonderful; he had everything he wished, but as Kingsley pointed out, "being quite comfortable is a very good thing, but this does not make people good. Indeed it sometimes makes them naughty, as it has made the people elsewhere." Tom thought of nothing but lollipops since he is still being on the level of sucking and of being nursed. Tom sneaked into the box where the lady kept the sweet things, and ate them all up. But when the lady came who knew everything, she did not question him, she did not hurry him, frighten him, threaten him, to make him confess because she would have tempted him to tell lies in his fright. She left that for anxious parents and teachers, as Kingsley points

out. She put the sweets into his mouth like the rest of the children, but it tasted badly. He got sick and wanted to be cuddled. But he was covered with thorny, prickly hairs just like a sea egg.

The appearance of hair on the body—the secondary sex characteristic represents so often in the mind of the child a kind of exposure of sinful thoughts, of having done something wrong which can be now seen on the skin, which they cannot hide anymore.—Kingsley argues—“Peoples’ souls make their bodies, just as a snail makes its shell, and since some souls grew all prickly with naughty tempers, their body could not help growing prickly too.” Tom finally confessed everything that had happened, and he was forgiven, and promised a school mistress who would teach him to get rid of his prickles, i. e. of the sinful meaning of hair. He will be accepted with the hair i. e. as a man by a school mistress in agreement with the good mother. The school mistress was, of course, the little white lady, Ellie, whom he once had seen in bed. She came every Sunday but not on weekdays for several years and they worked together “their lessons.” But he did not know where she went in the meantime. And Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did said, “Little boys cannot go there. Those who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like and help somebody they do not like.” *Girls and boys have to be separated until they are grown up. To become grown up, Tom had to leave mother, has to meet men and redeem them from their bad deeds.*—All the while, Tom was eaten up with curiosity where Ellie went to, but she vanished.—So Tom decided to find old Mr. Grimes whom he disliked but whom he wished to help though he disliked him because he wanted to fulfill the order to help somebody whom he disliked. The fairy told him he had been in the nursery long enough, and he must go out now and see the world, if he intended ever to be a man, and how he must go all alone by himself. She told him not to be afraid of anything he met i. e. not to be afraid of seeing what men are doing.

She showed him what happens to people who do only

what is pleasant, showed him that in a book with the title "The History of the Great and Famous Nations of the Do-as-you-like," a nation who never knew the fairy "Necessity", who did not like to face facts, and she showed them how they perished because they did not behave like men and did not do what they did not like.

Tom went to do the unpleasant, to find Mr. Grimes, who was at the other end of Nowhere. He had to go along because "little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves, or they will never grow to be men." He said goodbye to Miss Ellsie whom he told that he was leaving to become a man. She promised him to wait until he came back.

On his way to Mr. Grimes, he saw an ocean steamer. There stood a lady with a baby in her arms who smiled at Tom. As the lady saw him, she said "Babies in the sea! Well, perhaps it is the happiest place for them." *In becoming a man, Tom had to accept the fact that to a child belongs a mother. Tom, on the way to learn the truth about procreation, at first sees the mother with the child. It means that he has to solve the conflict whether to believe in the normal procreation, or that children are born in the water.*—"Tom swam 7 days and 7 nights to the Shiny walls from where all mankind come." There began a storm, and he saw the ocean steamer which he had seen before, waterlogged, and no living soul on board. Under the bullwark lay the baby, whom he has seen before, asleep. He went up to awaken her, but from under the top jumped a little black and tan terrier dog. *The symbolic meaning of a dog, which is so intimately connected with a baby, is carried further. "The dog, after he had kicked and coughed a little, sneezed so hard he sneezed himself clear out of his skin and turned into a water dog who followed Tom to the other end of "No-where."* Tom and a dog become an entity. — Then Tom met a whole flock of molly-mocks who put him on their back and flew him over to the ice mountains to the Shiny wall, where mother Carey lives, the mother of the Earth. She was a white marbel lady sitting on a white marble throne, and from

the foot of the throne there swam out into the sea, millions of *new born children*. It seemed they were mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of the sea water all day long, always making new beasts out of old. But she said "I sit here and make them make themselves. Anyone can make things, i. e. children, if they will take time and trouble enough." "You, Tom, follow the dog who goes by instinct, and therefore you can't go wrong. The dog will always go behind you, and you must go the whole way backwards." *To be grown up means to be able to meet one's sexual need without fear. It is the mother who allows the boy to accept his instinctual drives.*

Kingsley uses the dog as the phallic representation of a male who follows his instinctual needs i. e. what the dog tells him to do. Finally, Tom came to the white lap of the great sea mother, and the great sea serpent himself lying like dead at the bottom of the sea, from where clear steam was rushing up. The first time appeared a sea mother, and the representation of a man, the sea serpent, but still the sea serpent has to be dead. Tom cannot accept the full truth. The old castration fear prevails. — Tom would have perished if he had not found himself tied in the legs of a wonderful bogey, which had innumerable wings, and under every wing, a leg but no stomach, and only one eye, and the mouth only on one side. Tom went to waste paper land and came to the Center of Creation where all the wise people instruct mankind in the science of spirit wrapping. Kingsley continues to express his protest against the acceptance of the truth of procreation, and ridicules the wise men and the value of knowledge. When Tom came to the island of Polypragmosyne, where everyone set to do something that he had not learned because in what he had learned or pretended to learn, he had failed. There stood the Pantheon of the Great Unsuccessful. Next was the island of the great Asses, where only thistles grew i. e. where nobody has to know anything. Next was the great land of Hearsay, where the people live who stick to that that they know and stop up their ears and scream, "Oh, don't tell us." and then

running away, not to be told, they did not know that. Running after them was a poor old giant with a great pair of spectacles on his nose, for finding out everything about everything, and a little more too. And when he saw Tom, he groaned — "If I had only been where you have been, to see what you have seen." "Well," said Tom, "if you want to do that, you had best put your head under water for a few hours, as I did, and turn into a water baby, or some other baby." But the giant said, "I can't be a little child again, and if I could, it would be no use, because then I should then know nothing about what was happening to me." *The giant is, of course, the figure of the grown up as he appeared once in the eyes of the little child, whom the grown up child sees now with the eyes of the adult. Tom can now laugh off his childish fears of the giant man. What is the giant afraid of? Tom can ridicule now the castration fears of the giant.* "Well," thought Tom, "this is a very pretty quarrel, but it is not my business." "Because Tom was a water baby, he knew what to think of the giant. And nobody else can know unless he is a baby. Whether of the water or the land or the air matters not, provided one can only keep on being a baby." *The struggle of human beings is how the baby and the big one can live in peace together in one person.*

"Then Tom came to the isle of the Tomtoddies, all heads, and no bodies where they sang — "I can't learn my lesson. The examiner is coming"—And one cries, "Tom, do come and help us." And one said, "As fast as I learn things, I forget them again, so my mama says my intellect is not adopted for methodic science and says that I must go in for general information." And the more he listened, the more he forgot, and the more *water ran out* of his brain from having worked so hard, until he shrank and nothing was left of him. He was once a pretty little child, but his foolish parents kept him working, learning lessons every day, and having examinations every month until his brain grew big and his body small.

And then next Tom came to Old Wife's Fabledom,

where a little boy sat crying, "I am not as frightened as I wish to be." He cried until his father and mother came and sent off for the pow-wow immediately. And then the little boy saw him, and he fainted right away.

Being free of guilt, the child can make the parents responsible for his fears. It was Kingsley's mother who urged him to learn so many facts as a child. until he got "brain fever."

And at last Tom came to a place called "Leave Heaven Alone" where he entered and asked if Mr. Grimes were there. And he found him in a chimney stuck from where he could not get out, trapped as the lobster was trapped, when Tom helped. Mr. Grimes asked Tom not to help him because there was no hope for somebody who was as bad as he was. Tom tried to get him out, but in vain, and Mr. Grimes said, "It is all my fault, but it is too late now." *What bad things had Mr. Grimes done? What is the meaning that Mr. Grimes is trapped in the dirty chimney and why has Tom to get him out from it, before he can follow Ellie. It is obvious that this symbolizes the anal procreation fantasy which has to be abandoned before the reality can be accepted.* Mr. Grimes cried and Tom too. The tears washed the soot off his face and off his clothes, and washed the mortar away from between the bricks, until Mr. Grimes began to get out and was saved by Tom. The fairy said to Tom. "Your work here is done." Tom found the backstairs out of the place and neared the island where a woman was sitting. She was Ellie. Of course, they both were quite grown-up now, he into a tall man, and she into a beautiful woman and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by said to Ellie, "You may take him home with you now on Sundays," and he, of course, promised to marry Ellie.

What is the meaning of this fairy tale, and why was Kingsley to write it? On the whole, it is the renunciation of the physiological process of procreation and of reality. Kingsley had to write it because he was not able to give up his own unconscious infantile birth fantasies, which he has laid down in the respiratory tract, and could not give up

his mother dependency. How does he do it in this fairy tale? Tom cannot have mother or father. He is dirty because of the sinful thoughts a boy has and the sinful acts he commits. Hence, he has to be reborn without a mother or a father. Everything up to this time has to be forgotten because bad doings cannot be atoned by good deeds. Life has to begin anew. All the naughty behaviors have to be punished when they are committed. Weaknesses of man, envy, jealousy, vanity, strife for power, boastfulness, morbid ambitions, greediness, competition have to be renounced, and justice has to be done by the righteous mother. In a world free of sins and safe from all competitors, a boy can hope to accept his instinctual needs with the permission of the generous mother. But he has to remain with the mother, and may be allowed to be free for loving another woman "part time." These ideas express the personality make-up of a respiratory neurosis. This personality pattern of Kingsley's became noticeably transparent in the fairy tale—"The Water Babies"—but it is conspicuous in many of his writings. Most clearly it comes to the fore among his poetic works, particularly in his

Autobiographical novel "Anton Locke."

In the first chapter of this novel, he writes "I do not complain that I am a Cockney; that too is God's gift. He made me one that I might learn to feel for poor wretches, who sit stifled in leaking garrets and workrooms *drinking in disease* with every breath, bound in their prison house of brick and iron, with their own funeral pall hanging over them. I have drunk of the cup of which they drink, and so I have learned to be a poet, a poet of the people. That *honor was surely worth buying with asthma, and consumption and weakness and worst of all to me, with ugliness.*" It is remarkable how he pictures the mother whom he let be a widow. *My mother was a widow, my father whom I cannot recollect* was a small retail tradesman in the city. After my father's death, she became a Baptist from conscientious scruples. She considered the Baptist as I do as the only

set who thoroughly embodies the Calvinistic doctrines. She held it, as I do, an absurd and impious thing for those who believe mankind to be children of the devil until they have been "consciously" converted, to baptize unconscious infants and give them the sign of God's mercy on the mere chance of that mercy being intended for them. So, though we had both been christened during my father's lifetime, she purposed to have us rebaptized, if ever that happened, which in her sense of the word never happened, I am afraid, to me." My mother moved by rule and method, by God's law, as she considered and that only. She never commanded twice without punishment, but she thought herself as much bound to keep bound all tenderness as if she had been some ascetic of the middle ages. "It was carnal" she thought. She had as yet no right to have any spiritual affection for us. We were still children of wrath and of the devil, not yet convinced of sin converted, born again. She kept the strictest watch over our morality; fear, of course, was the only method she employed. So our gods, until we were 12 years old, were hell, the rod, the ten commandments, and public opinion. I never yet could dissect and map out my own being or my neighbors, as you analysts do. To me, I myself and each person around me seem one inexplicable whole; to take away a single faculty thereof is to destroy the harmony, the meaning, the life of all the rest. That there is a duality in us — a life long battle between flesh and spirit, we all know well enough; but *which is flesh and which is spirit*, what philosophers in these days can tell us?"

The same theme which is worked through in "The Water Babies" appears on a dream level in Chapter 36 of "Anton Locke" "The Dreamland" in which again the infantile idea of being born in water and the need to be reborn is poetically handled.

He dreams that he awakened. "How long I had slept, I don't know, when I awoke with a strange confusion whirling in my brain. By the light of the gas lamp, I saw a figure standing at the foot of my bed. I could not discern the face, but I knew instinctively that it was my mother. I called

her again and again, but she did not answer. She moved slowly away, and passed out through the wall of the room. I tried to follow her, but could not. The bed clothes grew and grew before me. Then it seemed like the cone of a volcano. I heard the roaring of the fire within: A river ran from the summit, and up that river bed, it seemed I was doomed to climb and climb forever. I shrieked out loud; a *ranging thirst* besieged me. I *tried to drink the river water*, but it was boiling hot, reeking of putrefaction. I recollect lying on the floor. I recollect a doctor and talk about brain fever and delirium. It was true. I was in a raging fever. The fancy of the mountains returned, but I had climbed it now. I was wandering along the lower ridge of the Himalayas. The longing of my life, to behold the cradle of mankind, was satisfied. My eyes reveled in vastness, as they swept over the broad jungle of the mountain's foot." Then later on he writes, "*My mother came seizing the pillars of the portico, bent them like reeds.* An earthquake shook the hills. A great sheet of woodland slipped roaring and crashing into the valley. A tornado swept through the temple halls. A cloud of yellow dust which filled the air choked me, blinded me and buried me." *After this terrific experience in which he let mother play the role of a castrating monster, she disappears but appears later as a girl Eleanor, the Ellie of "The Water Babies."* She took my soul in the palm of her hand as the angels did Faust's, and carried it to a cavern by the seaside and dropped it in—as the Irish woman in "The Water Babies" let happen to Tom's soul for his reincarnation. "And I was in darkness, and turned again to my dust. I was at the lowest point of my creative life. My individuality was gone. I was not one thing but many things, a crowd of innumerable polypi." *To be reborn, one has to be apart and every part has its soul.* Two angels appear floating past him, Eleanor the little Ellie of "The Water Babies" and Lillian, the representation of the carnal desires. And Lillian asks: "When will he be one again?" And Eleanor says "He who falls from the golden ladder must climb through ages to its top; he who tears himself to pieces

by his lust bridges only can make him one again. The madrepoire shall become a shell and the shell a fish, and the fish a bird, and the bird a beast, and then he shall become a man again and see the glory of the latter days." *The process of rebirth, going through the reincarnations, through the bodies of amphibious animals before becoming a man again is here lived through in the dream.* The dream went on—"And I was a soft crab under a stone on the seashore, naked and pitiable. In the dark among the dead shells, my cousin's hated face laughing at me, and pointing me out to Lillian, appears." *What can he do? He is only a soft impotent crab. The cousin is the tough aggressive competitor, who takes Lillian away.* "She laughs too as I look up, sneaking, ashamed and defenseless, and squaring up at him with my soft, useless claws. Why should she not laugh? Are not crabs in thoughts an embodiment of a divine humor, at which men are meant to laugh and be merry?" "My cousin was a blue shark, rushing after her greedy and open-mouthed, and I saw her danger and clung to him, and held him back. Just as I had stopped him, she turned and swam back into his open jaws."

The unconscious infantile idea of oral incorporation as the union between the sexes is here symbolized. In this dream, the dreamer himself passes through the different animals which represent human character traits as jealousy, vanity, competition, lust for power, whereas in "The Water Babies" Tom becomes the observer of these traits in his adventures with the sea inhabitants.

The dream continues in this vein—"And I was an ostrich and Lillian was an Amazon queen, beautiful and cold and cruel,—and she rode upon a horse and carried behind her on her saddle a spooted ounce which was my cousin. And when I came near her, she made him leap down and curse me. And the cousin chased me, and we ran for miles and for days through the interminable sand until he sprung on me and dragged me down. And as I lay quivering and dying, she reined in her horse above me, and looked down on me with beautiful, pitiless eyes."

"I was a mylodon among South American forests, a vast sleeping mass, and a very small kernel of brains whose highest consciousness was the enjoyment of muscular strength. Where I had picked up the sensation which my dream realized for me, I know not. My waking life has never given me experience of it. Has the mind the power of creating a sensation for itself? Surely it does so in those delicious dreams about flying. They fulfill their nature as I was doing, and that is why I had envied the strong and had never before suspected the delight of mere physical exertion. But I did more, whether from mere animal destructiveness or from the spark of humanity which was slowly rekindling in me, I began to delight in tearing up trees for its own sake, for the mere sense of power."

The dreamer indulges in the fulfillment of the infantile desire for power and omnipotence. He continued to storm through the forest . . . "After days of painful crawling, I dragged my unwieldiness to the tree foot into the plane where skulls and bones were laying around; some were human, some were those of vast and monstrous beasts. I knew one knows everything in dreams. So I knew that they had been slain by the winged ants as large as panthers; of these I felt no fears." *He becomes daring, women's breasts fascinate him.* "From among the branches of a high tree hung great green lilies, and nestled in the heart of each of them, the bust of a beautiful girl. Their white bosoms and shoulders gleamed rosy-white against the emerald petals, while their delicate waists melted mysteriously into the central sanctuary of the flowers. A blind ecstasy seized me. I awoke again to humanity, and fiercely grasping the tree, shook and tore at it in the blind hope of bringing nearer to me the magic beauties above, for I knew that I was in the famous land of Hah-Hah, from which the eastern merchants used to pluck those flower-born beauties. Suddenly, I heard a rustling in the thistles behind me, and looking around, saw again that dreaded face, my cousin." *This part of the dream story reflects the longing of the dreamer for the home in the East, for the mother's breast which he wants to reach again. But*

there appeared the aggressive competitor, the cousin and exposes something seducingly to him that prevents him from getting the breast. "He, the cousin, carried a revolver and a knife, which he had showed me once, and I shook with terror. The cousin threw himself on his knees and began fiercely digging and scraping for the gold." *The dreamer's eyes were caught by this sight, the breasts were forgotten. These homosexual fantasies met with fear and led to a wet dream.* "Suddenly, the tree cracked, was tottering. I looked around and saw that my cousin knelt directly in the path of its fall. I tried to catch his attention by crying; he would not see me. I tried to hold the tree up but it was too late. A sudden gust of air swept by, and leaving my cousin untouched, it struck me full across the loin, broke my backbone, and pinned me to the ground in mortal agony. I heard one wild shriek rise from the flower fairies as they fell each from the lily cup, no longer full human size, but shriveled, diminished a thousand-fold, and lay on the bare sand, all crushed and dead. The great blue heaven above me broke and cried — selfish and sand bound. "Thou hast murdered beauty." It was Lillian's face, Lillian's voice. My cousin heard it too, and turned eagerly, and as my eyes closed in the last death shiver, I saw him coolly pick up the beautiful figure, which looked like a fragment of some exquisite cameo, and deliberately put it away in his cigar case as he said to himself "A charming tidbit for me when I return from the digging." *Then follows a further transmigration on a more advanced level:* "When I awoke again, *I was a baby ape in the forest.* And I looked down between the green roof to the clear waters paved with unknown water lilies on which the sun has never shown. I saw my face reflected in the pool. It might have been a negro child, and I felt a *yearning of love towards the mother ape who kept me and carried me from tree to tree*, but I grew and grew and then the weight of destiny fell upon me." *We see the longing of the mother overwhelms the dreamer again, but he has finally to free himself from this attachment. He has to grow up.* The dream continues: "I grew and grew. I

saw year by year my brow recede, my neck enlarge, my jaw protrude; the animal faculties in me were swallowing up the intellectual. I watched myself in stupid self-disgust. Agonies of lust and aimless ferocity befell me." "I flew up on my brother apes, and got driven off with wounds." "One day as I sat among the boughs, I saw Lillian coming along a flowery path, decked as Eve might have been the day she turned from Paradise. On her bosom lay a baby.—Also, Tom, in "*The Water Babies*" story has to see the woman with the baby in her arms, before he can be a man. I knew her and hated her. The madness came upon me. I longed to leap from the bough and tear her limb from limb,—but brutal terror, the dread of man which is the doom of beasts, kept me rooted at my tree. When my cousin came and I heard him talk to her with pride, I listened with a dim, jealous understanding not of the words but of the facts. She pointed to me in terror and disgust; he threw up the muzzle of his rifle and fired. I fell dead, but conscious still. I knew that my carcass was carried to the settlement, and I watched while a smirking, chuckling surgeon dissected me. And as he was fingering at my heart, and at the animal spirit which swells within the solar plexus, Eleanor glided by again and threw my soul out of a knot of nerves with one velvet finger tip." *The animalistic desires are killed after the surgeon had castrated him. The animal dream is over. The soul is brought to safety. He becomes a new human being again without the former sinful desires, already with a father, mother, brothers and sisters.* "Child dreams—more vague and fragmentary than my animal one, and yet more calm and simple, dreams of a hut among the valleys of Tibet, the young forest animals, wild cats and dogs and fowls brought home to be my playmates and grow up tame around me." "Strange unspoken aspirations, instincts, which pointed to unfulfilled powers, a mighty destiny." "Childish fantasies, not disturbed by fears in an environment of love." "The music of loving voices, the sacred names of child and father, mother, brother, sister, first of all inspirations." *The dream leads deeper into infancy, into the innocent past.*

"I lie a child upon a woman's bosom." "Was she my mother, or Eleanor or Lillian?" "Or was she neither, and yet all some ideal, containing in herself all future types of women? For I slept and woke and slept again day after day, week after week." *Just like in "The Water Babies" where Tom was sleeping in ecstasy in the arms and on the breast of the good fairy, here again the never satisfied wish to return to the mother's breast and to remain with her forever breaks through in the dream. He sees him travelling in a lazy bullock-wagon but always on mother's breast—among tall bare-limbed men, with stone axes and horn bows.*

"Westward through the boundless steppes whither or why we knew not, but the All-Father had sent us forth." *Westward is away from home—away from the East—away from childhood—to become a father himself.* "The tribes of the Holy Mountain poured out like water which has to replenish the earth and subdue it. Lava streams from the crater of that great old volcano, Titan babies, dumb angels of God, bearing with them in their unconscious pregnancy the law, the freedom, the science, the poetry, the Christianity of the world." He wandered with strange giant tribes, climbs and climbs up the mountain walls, he himself one of them. Then one of the giants arose and said "Rocks are strong, but the All-Father is stronger. If we are the children of the All-Father we too are stronger than the rocks. Let us portion out the valley to every man an equal plot of ground and bring out the sacred seeds and sow and come up with me and bore the mountain." *He has to discover and see what is inside of the mountain. Whoever wants to become a father has to bore a mountain. He has to give up mother's breast. He has to overcome the fear of separation from her, has to do what father, what other men do. And all said—"We will go up with you and bore the mountain, and whoever will not go up with you shall die as a coward and an idler. So we went up and in the morning we bored the mountain."* And one said—"The All-Father has given all things and wisdom. Woe to him who keeps them to himself. We will teach each other to sow the sacred seeds." *In*

the dream world, all were equal brothers because they had one work and one hope and one All-Father... "But I grew up to be a man. Twenty years passed and the mountain was still not bored through. The king grew old, and men began to love their flocks and birds better than quarrying and they gave up boring through the mountains." And the strong and the cunning said—"What can we do with all this might of ours?" *Since they had no other way of using it, they turned it against each other, they began to compete.* "And a few grew rich and many poor, and the valley was filled with sorrow, for the land became too narrow for them, and they didn't want to bore the mountain any more, and wanted to know what to do." *The dreamer urged them to bore for the poor ones. But they did not listen to him.* They brought out a veiled maiden, and said—look, her feet are like ivory, and her hair like threads of gold, and she is the sweetest singer in the whole valley, and she shall be yours if you will be like other people, and prophesy smooth things to us, and torment us no more with talk about liberty, equality and brotherhood, for they never were and never will be on this earth. Living is too hard work to give in to such fancies. "And when the maiden's veil was lifted, it was Lillian, and she clasped me around the neck and cried—'Come, I will be your bride, and you shall be rich and powerful, and all men shall speak well of you, and you shall write songs and we will sing them together, and feast and play from dawn to dawn.' " But I went up by myself and bored the mountain 7 years weeping, and every year Lillian came to me and said—"Come and be my husband, for my beauty's fading and youth passes fast away." But I set my heart steadfastly to the work. But since the others didn't work, people began to starve. Then once more Lillian came to me, thin and pale and worn and said—"See, I too am starving, and you have been the cause of it, but I will forgive you if you will help us, but this once. You are a poet and an orator and win over all hearts with your talk and your songs." But I went out and quarried steadfastly at the mountain, and when I came back the next evening, the poor had risen

against the rich, and one and all crying—"As you have done to us, so we will do to you." "We will all be free and equal as our forefathers were, and live here and eat and drink, and take our pleasure." Then I ran out and cried to them—"If you do to them as they have done to you, you will sin as they sinned and devour each other at the last, as they devoured you. Let each man, rich or poor, have his equal share of the land as it was at first and go up and dig through the mountain, and possess the good land beyond. For the last time, who will go up with me to the mountain?" They all cried with one voice—"We have sinned; we will go up and pierce the mountain; you have saved us; you have given up all for us; come and be our king. And a woman came forward into the circle; her face was veiled, but all knew her for a prophetess." "And for you," she said looking at me, "your penance is accomplished; you have learned what it is to be a man; you have lost your life and saved it. He that gives up house or land or wife or child for God's sake—he shall be repayed an hundred-fold. Awake." "Surely I knew that voice; she lifted her veil, the face was Eleanor's. The spell snapped, and my fever and dreams faded away together, and I woke to the sights and sounds of my childhood and found Eleanor sitting by my bed."

The rebirth fantasy was fulfilled, just as it happened in "The Water Babies", in which Kingsley let Tom go through all the metamorphoses in which he had to overcome and atone the sinful thoughts and carnal wishes. Here, in this dream, he lived through the same fantasy until he had atoned for all the sins before he can accept his sinful thoughts, in which were no more sinful.

Art is a product of the fantasy of the artist who attempts to create the most perfect idealized form of reality. The fantasies of the artist are determined by his own relationship to reality, which on the other hand depends on his pattern to come to terms with it. His need for artistic expression is his specific way for achieving it. In this respect, he differs from the neurotic who cannot convert his fantasy

into the artistic product, but lives them out particularly in daydreams or in symptoms. "The greater his infantile pleasure deficiency, the greater his tendency to indulge in wishful fantasies by the revival of the magic operations of the childhood." (Rado 2) The child resembles, therefore, by far more the artist because it acts out in its play or in some transitory artistic interests its fantasies. (Waelder 3, French 4, Anna Freud 5). The production of art or of poetry in puberty is a legitimate defense against acute increments of anxiety. (Levy 6). The hobbies of the grown-up are such continuations of those childish attitudes and express the continual need to give infantile ideas an expression. In our psychotherapeutic approach, we make very often use of these experiences and teach neurotics or psychotics the use of artistic productivity for relieving emotional tension, for substituting reality, for compensating disappointment, and for disguised realization of wishes, in order to give fantasies actuality by living them out upon some real object. Freud has pointed out that the artist is originally a man who turns from reality because he cannot come to terms with the demand for renunciation of individual satisfaction, and who then in fantasy life allows full play to his neurotic and ambitious wishes. But he finds a way of return from this world of fantasy back to reality. With his task, he actually becomes the hero, king, creator, without pursuing the surreptitious task of creating real alterations in the outer world. The essential material from his frustrated wishes and longings find expression. "This frustration is the source of the artist's fantasy, driving him again and again to forsake his disillusioning reality, and to create a world for himself in which he, in his imagination, can realize his desires." (Lowenstein 1). Gratification by fantasy alone does not satisfy the artist. He feels the urge to give form to his world. That mediates the pleasurable gratification of fantasies in which unfulfilled wishes are realized and leads to the mastering of painful experiences in repetitious acting out. Frustration in his infantile past drives him to build up his own imaginary world of gratification, and recreate

constantly new misconceptions of his old experiences. It seems that surrender of the artist to the world is almost always automatically bound up with an attitude of defense and protection. The true artist recreates his childhood fantasies, and confronts himself and the reader with them in the disguised form of artistic expression. "In the art of words, he expresses his own repressed wishes and in eliminating his own person, he gives form to fantasies which appeal to the unconscious of his audience without bringing it into conflict with their conscience. The emotional reaction which he produces in them means an involuntary criticism that their own repressed wishes are the same as his and, in this way, they are brought out of isolation. His guilt feeling does not make him feel any longer an outcast." (Sachs 8).

In this respect, the artistic expression is an indirect confession. In the actors of his story, the artist can meet his own infantile fantasies again without being afraid himself; he can give in to them again in a permissible way, not only without giving up control of his conscious mind, but with being constantly the observer and mature judge of these fantasies. Sometimes he might submerge to the dream level, but with most of his defenses awake. "Those wishes can be fulfilled in fairy tales. They have the same structure as dreams and their content is really nothing more than the disguised realization of wishes. They satisfy an inner need of the story teller and may provide him with an outlet for the tension resulting from conflicts." (Sterba 9 Lorand 10)

In the fairy tale, on the other hand, the child can meet and relive his fantasies which appear transmigrated into the figures and animals of the poetic story, no more as his own ideas. Therefore, he can enjoy them free of guilt and can settle and resolve the conflicts by meeting them outside of him. Almost everybody in his early life goes through a phase in which the pressure of the repressed infantile wishes which he had to deny to himself become so strong that he turns to their artistic expression in one or the other form. It is sometimes the task of educators to encourage those attempts. He may help the child to ease the tension through

art and to overcome the guilt feeling connected with those fantasies by flattering the self-esteem of the child, by praising the artistic product, by taking it as a piece of art while it is screened pleasure gratification. In those trying periods of life, many children find a form of and develop a gift for a transient artistic expression. It helps not only to a certain extent as a protection against the development of a neurosis but it creates a pattern of conflict solution to which the grown up likes to turn in the hours of need. Some people struggle throughout their lives but cannot allow themselves to give in to those artistic escape mechanisms until suddenly the barrier breaks down and the adult starts a new life as an "artist." The artist, instead of succumbing to the neurotic illness, saves himself through artistic creation. However, artistic expression does not immunize, as Freud said, the artist against the neurotic illness. He has to choose, like the neurotic, other means to come to terms with his childish unconscious conflictuous wishes.

This assumption, together with the knowledge of the personality of asthma patients, led me to assume that the author of the fairy tale—"The Water Babies"—might have belonged to this group of artists. Freud (7) has hinted at the relation that exists between fairy tales and neurosis and the great influence fairy tales have upon the mental life of our children. They fulfill children's wishes; they have the same structure as dreams, and their content is really nothing more than a disguised realization of wishes. "In addition to their appeal to children, we cannot lose sight," Freud (7) said, "of the fact that fairy tales satisfy also an inner need of the adult story tellers, and that they may provide adults with an outlet for the tension resulting from their own conflicts. The specific attempt of a conflict solution is apparent in the life, the suffering, and the creative work of Charles Kingsley, particularly in the fairy tale "The Water Babies."

Kingsley's own functional disturbances let him throughout his life to be incessantly interested in the body-mind relationship. He tried to liberate his unconscious and to

solve his infantile conflicts as a scientist, as a preacher, as an artist and since that did not suffice, with his body i. e. in his respiratory neurosis.

Although he had given all his attention to his breathing exercises, he caught many colds, so characteristic for patients with a respiratory neurosis. Once there was a particularly severe one, when he stayed in San Francisco. "It turned to a 'pleurisy' with vehement coughing spells." The last attack came when he was 55 years old. Very soon afterwards, "*the cough*" developed into pneumonia, and he died. His last pencil notes written to his wife were: "No more fighting—no more fighting."

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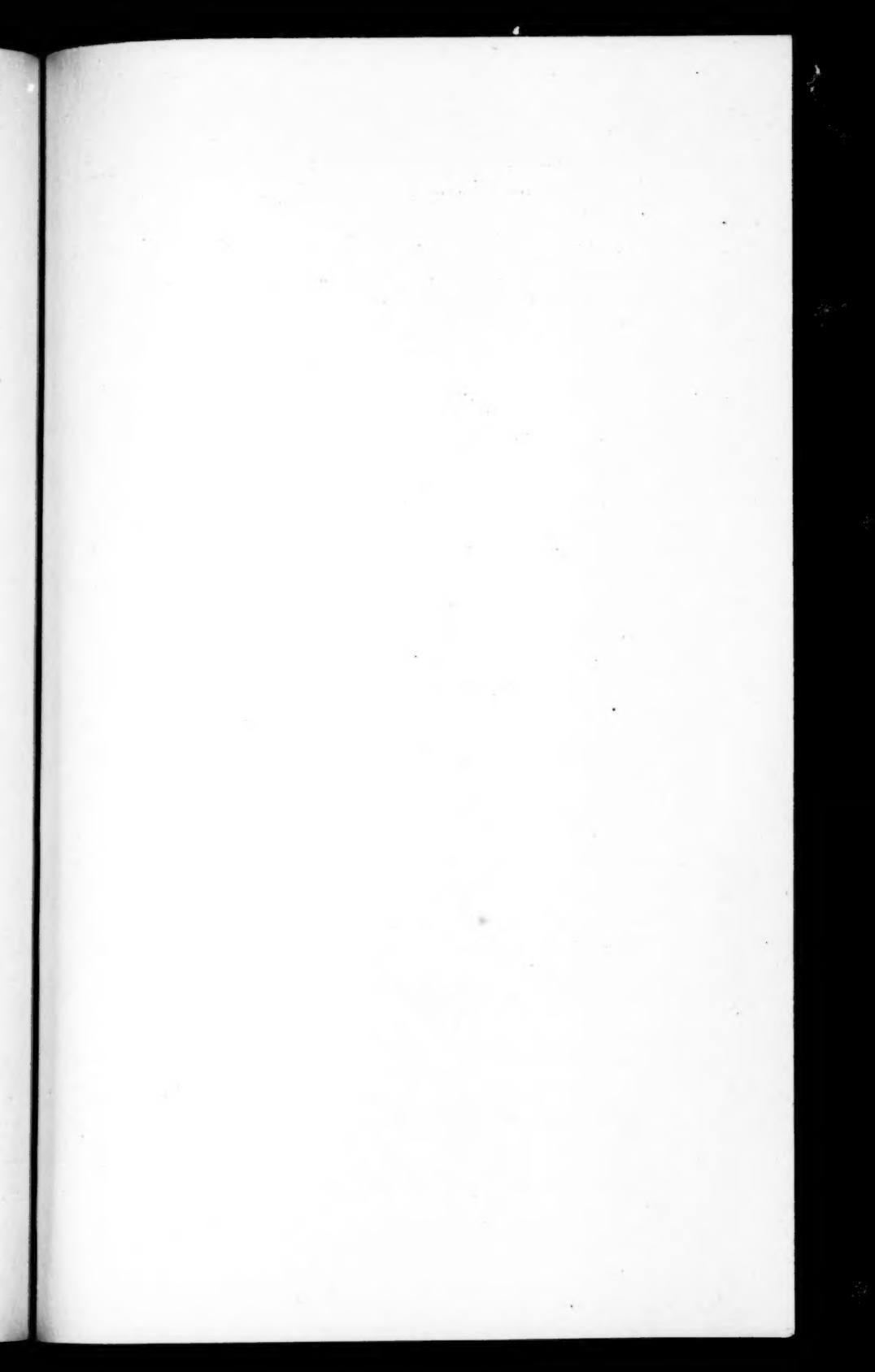


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